

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## ALONE.

I miss you, my darling, my darling;  
 The embers burn low on the hearth;  
 And stilled is the stir of the household,  
 And hushed is the voice of its mirth;  
 The rain plashes fast on the terrace,  
 The winds past the lattices moan;  
 The midnight chimes out from the minster,  
 And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling;  
 I am tired with care and with fret;  
 I would nestle in silence beside you,  
 And all but your presence forget,  
 In the hush of the happiness given  
 To those, who through trusting have grown  
 To the fulness of love in contentment.  
 But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling,  
 My voice echoes back on my heart.  
 I stretch my arms to you in longing,  
 And lo! they fall empty, apart.  
 I whisper the sweet words you taught me,  
 The words that we only have known,  
 Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,  
 For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling,  
 With its yearning my very heart aches;  
 The load that divides us weighs harder;  
 I shrink from the jar that it makes.  
 Old sorrows rise up to beset me;  
 Old doubts make my spirit their own.  
 Oh, come through the darkness, and save me,  
 For I am alone.

All the Year Round.

## A FANCY.

SWEET Summer went forth to the fields,  
 With roses entwined in her hair;  
 Her footsteps as light  
 As her glances were bright,  
 And all that she looked upon fair.

Grave Autumn, beholding the maid,  
 Grew cheery in chanting her charms;  
 They met, but, alas!  
 All her strength seemed to pass,  
 And she languished to death in his arms.

Now sombre grew Autumn and sear,  
 As he clung to the maid in his woe;  
 Then Winter passed by,  
 And, with tear-stricken eye,  
 Hid them both 'neath a mantle of snow.  
*Sheffield.* JOSEPH DAWSON.

Spectator.

## "FORTUNE MY FOE."

"AIM not too high, at things beyond thy  
 reach,"  
 Nor give the rein to reckless thought or  
 speech.  
 Is it not better all thy life to bide  
 Lord of thyself, than all the earth beside?

Thus, if high Fortune far from thee take wing,  
 Why should'st thou envy counsellor or king?  
 Purple or homespun, — wherefore make ado  
 What coat may cover, if the heart be true?

Then, if at last thou gather wealth at will,  
 Thou most shalt honor Him who grants it still;  
 Since he who best doth poverty endure,  
 Should prove, when rich, best brother to the  
 poor.

Spectator.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

## PATIENCE.

WHAT power can please a patient fantasy  
 Like the wan waiting of the dying rose  
 That fades and fails and sadly silent strews  
 Its grave with all its lost felicity?  
 No such serenity the towering tree  
 In mildest moods of breathless being knows,  
 Where windy whispers torture its repose  
 With murmurous memories of a dreamed-of  
 sea.

Tumultuous trouble vainly may assail  
 The inward silence of the settled soul.  
 Joy may assume sad sorrow's sober stole  
 If over Hope pale Patience draws her veil.  
 Earth takes its own, and on the pensive air  
 Death chants no palinodia of despair.

Blackwood's Magazine.

## A BREATH OF HEAVEN.

I ONCE again in this charm'd realm inquire:  
 Not listening to the ocean's sad refrain,  
 Nor watching on the mountain heights, to  
 gain

A message for the meditative lyre.  
 The air contents me. Such do they respire,  
 Our lov'd ones, gather'd on the heavenly  
 plain,  
 With quiet breathing blest, and freed from  
 pain,

And toil, and care, and unfulfill'd desire.  
 Embosom'd in like calm, oh, let me rest,  
 And breathe in sweet, unseen companionship  
 Time cannot sever, nor delay, nor Death!  
 These shining shores and sunlit sea attest  
 The encircling Love that doth his children  
 keep

In perfect peace and unlaborious breath.

*Langland.*

HERBERT NEW.

Spectator.

From The British Quarterly Review.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. ANSELM.\*

A GREAT deal has been written on St. Anselm since the interest revived in mediæval history and philosophy. Writers with nothing else in common have been equally attracted by Anselm. To the student of ecclesiastical biography he is one of the most perfect examples of the piety of the cloister—a piety which retains a charm even for those who have rejected all the ideas that gave it birth. Hegel and Cousin found in Anselm a mediæval Descartes who spoke the first word of modern philosophy amid the litanies of the Middle Ages. The student of the constitutional history of England finds Anselm's career to be of the first importance; for during the reign of William Rufus, and during part of that of Henry Beauclerc, Anselm, like Laud in the reign of Charles I., is in reality, as well as in name, the second personage in the realm. To those who care for the honor of the Church of England the name of Anselm is, or ought to be, precious, for in him they have an archbishop who was never timorous either in thought or in action. With his name, if with no other, they can answer the taunt, "*Episcopi Anglicani semper pavidii*."

The most elaborate modern works on Anselm come from France and Germany, but he has not been neglected by English writers. The late Dean Hook told the story of his life, and discussed his character at some length, in his "*Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*." The present dean of St. Paul's has devoted a volume to Anselm; and Mr. Freeman has narrated the events of his primacy with such fulness in his "*History of William Rufus*," that he may be regarded as a third English biographer. Not much can be said in praise of Dean Hook's performance. An old-fashioned Anglican, he was prejudiced against Anselm because

he appealed to papal against royal authority. He was of opinion that he ought to have humored William Rufus, and to have helped him to anticipate the work of Henry VIII. He was, moreover, incapable of appreciating a character of such delicate moral fibre as Anselm's, and his endeavors to expose Anselm's weaknesses exposed only too clearly his own low conception of the functions of a Christian bishop.\*

The work of the dean of St. Paul's is of course open to no such criticism, and is indeed one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical biographies in the English language, but it does not profess to be more than a sketch. A few pages only are devoted to Anselm's philosophical and theological writings, although these make us regret that the plan of his work prevented the author from treating in more detail of subjects with which his fine discernment makes him so fit to deal. Mr. Freeman's historical uprightness and the accuracy of his moral judgments are never more conspicuous than in his account of the primacy of Anselm. He disapproves of much of Anselm's policy, but he never fails to do justice to the moral greatness of the archbishop who appealed to Rome against his sovereign; and he is careful to point out the immense excuses which the actions of William Rufus furnish for Anselm's un-English policy.

As these writers had limitations imposed upon them by the plan of their works, there was still room for a monograph on Anselm in which full justice could be done to his life, and especially to his thinking, to which so little attention had been given by English writers. We regret that we cannot say that Mr. Rule has supplied the blank. Much labor has been spent on his two bulky volumes. He has read Anselm's writings with care, and has consulted many other sources. He has visited the places where Anselm lived, and his knowledge of the localities has enabled him to supply some interesting illustrations of Anselm's writings.

\* 1. *The Life and Times of St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of the Britains*. By MARTIN RULE, M.A. Two Vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

2. *The Reign of William Rufus and the Accession of Henry the First*. By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., LL.D. Vol. I. *The Primacy of Anselm*. Oxford. 1882.

\* It is only fair to add that Mr. Freeman says, in a note to his "*History of William Rufus*," that before his death Dean Hook learned to understand Anselm better.

He has, moreover, a genuine admiration for Anselm's great character, which is always beautiful even when it rises into language of rather feminine ecstasy. But his book is a miracle of bad arrangement and of caprice. He hardly notices Anselm's theology and philosophy; and while omitting what most required attention, he is prodigal of space to an almost unexampled extent. A mediæval chronicler had less scruple in introducing digressions than Mr. Rule; and he constantly invents imaginary reflections and speeches for the saint after the fashion of an historical novelist. These have little merit in themselves, and they are apt to be seriously misleading in a book which professes to be history. Then Mr. Rule is a Papist—*papâ papalior*, and in all questions which concern papal authority he writes in a tone of unreasonable partisanship. We have no doubt that all future students of Anselm's life will consult Mr. Rule's volumes, and with advantage; but they will never do so, we fear, without a feeling of regret that a writer so painstaking and enthusiastic should have been ignorant of the principles and of the art of historical biography.

The original authorities for Anselm's life are abundant, and for the period, unusually reliable. A number of his letters have been preserved, and his life was written by his English disciple Eadmer in his "*Historia Novorum*" and in his "*Vita Anselmi*." Eadmer was a loving biographer of his master, and he has recorded so many things great and small about him, that we know Anselm perhaps better than any man of the Middle Ages. Anselm was born at Aosta about the year 1033. Although born in southern Europe, he came of a northern stock. His father Gundulf was a Lombard. His mother Ermenberg was a Burgundian, and according to Mr. Rule she was the granddaughter of Conrad the Pacific, king of Transjuran Burgundy. She was therefore the cousin of the emperor Henry II., and a kinswoman of most of the princes of Christendom. Gundulf and Ermenberg had property near Aosta, and they appear to have occupied a position of rank. Anselm has often been called the Augustine

of the Middle Ages, and the resemblance extends to his parents. Gundulf was a man of the world, domineering in temper, prodigal in expenditure, and probably dissolute in life. Between him and his son there never existed much sympathy. It was to his devout mother that Anselm owed those early religious impressions which filled the imaginative boy with longings for a vision of God. The dream of his childhood, in which he saw God sitting upon a throne of snow—no doubt Becca di Nonna, the Alpine summit above his home—is one of the loveliest fancies of the religious literature of the Middle Ages. His boyhood was studious and devout, and at the age of fifteen, says his biographer, he began to consider how he might best shape his life according to God. He came to the conclusion that he ought to become a monk, and he wrote to an abbot whom he knew, begging for admission into his monastery. When the abbot learned that he made the request without the knowledge of his father he refused to receive him, fearing the anger of Gundulf. Finding that the gate of the monastery shut against him, he entered into "the ways of the world." As long as his mother lived, her influence to some extent restrained him; but on her death "the ship of his heart lost its anchor, and drifted almost entirely into the waves of the world." Most of Anselm's biographers have inferred from Eadmer's words that Anselm plunged into vicious courses. Mr. Rule treats this as a cruel calumny, and we think he is right in maintaining that Eadmer merely meant to say that Anselm abandoned all thoughts of the religious life. It is true there is a passage in one of the meditations ascribed to Anselm, which is quoted by Dean Hook and by Mr. Freeman, and which, if genuine, proves beyond doubt that Anselm, like Augustine, gave way in early life to the lusts of the flesh.\* In an article in the *Academy* on Mr. Rule's work, Mr. Freeman has already dealt with Mr. Rule's defence of Anselm's chastity. Some of

\* O soror, fera pessima devoravit fratrem tuum. Quam miser ego sum, qui meam pudicitiam perdidit, tam beata tu cujus virginitatem misericordia divina protexit. (Meditatio xvi.)



Mr. Rule's reasons are absurd enough, but Mr. Freeman evidently felt that the reason urged against the genuineness of the meditation had some force, and he concluded by saying that Mr. Rule had possibly lighted on a discovery.\*

After the death of his mother, Anselm's home became distasteful to him, owing to serious disagreements with his father. He left Aosta accompanied by a single clerk, and crossed Mount Cenis, almost losing his life in the snow. He spent some time in Burgundy, then went to Normandy and stayed some time at Avranches, and finally entered the Norman monastery of Bec, which was henceforth to be associated with his name. The monastery of Bec was situated in eastern Normandy, on the skirts of the forest of Brionne. It had been founded by a Norman knight named Herlwin, who was its first abbot. Herlwin was a noble-minded and devout man, and he did his best to introduce into the monastery those habits of order and devotion which were often wanting at the time in Norman monasteries. He had ruled a feudal castle, and he ruled his monastery with a firm hand. But he could do little for the instruction of those under him. He had not learned his letters until he was forty years of age, and he remained to the end an ignorant man. But, like all Normans, he had the power of using *others*, even when they were intellectually his superiors, and he saw that he must make use of the learning of others if he would make his monastery what he desired to see it — a centre of Christian civilization. Learned strangers were always welcome at Bec. He was in the habit of saying, "What is the use of a man who can neither read nor keep the commandments of God?" But if any lettered man came to him wishing to enter the order, there is no describing the joy with which he welcomed him, or the kindness and consideration with which he afterwards treated him. Such a stranger came to him in the person of Lanfranc, who was originally a lawyer in

Pavia. Lanfranc was already well known in Normandy, having lectured for some time at Avranches. He did not, however, disclose his name to Herlwin, but remained for some time *incognito*, patiently allowing himself to be reproved for his correct pronunciation of Latin by the ignorant monks. After a time his name was discovered, and he was appointed prior. He began to lecture to the monks, and young men flocked to the humble monastery from all parts of Normandy to listen to a teacher who was familiar with all the learning of Europe.

Even after he made up his mind to become a monk, Anselm was not at first disposed to enter the monastery which Lanfranc had rendered famous. In his old age he told his disciple Eadmer the reasons of his reluctance, and how they were overcome. These show that the young patrician scholar was not without aspiring thoughts, and that he was conscious that it was his natural destiny to be a leader of men. He thought first, he said, of going to Cluny, but gave up the idea because the life there was so severe that he, with his delicate constitution, would make a poor figure. If he went to Bec, he felt that he would be completely cast into the shade by the greater learning and gifts of Lanfranc, and he judged that it would be better for him to go to a place where his knowledge would be of more service to others. But further reflection convinced him that his great charity for others in the employment of his powers was but pride in disguise, and that no place was fitter for a monk than one where he would be reduced to insignificance by the presence of one greater than himself.

Anselm entered the monastery of Bec in the year 1060, and for three years he sat at the feet of Lanfranc as a learner; but on the removal of Lanfranc to Caen he succeeded him as prior, for the quick eye of Herlwin had discerned the gifts of the young scholar. As prior, his special duty was to rule the monks, and to instruct them. He proved eminently qualified for both duties. As a ruler, he soon showed that he understood the art of getting his own way. There was a masterful

\* It is not a discovery of Mr. Rule's. Curiously enough, neither Dean Hook nor Mr. Freeman noticed that the Meditation is marked as spurious in Gerbert's edition, which they both used.

trait in his character, which he probably inherited from his domineering father; but the worst faults of a naturally despotic character seldom made themselves manifest in Anselm's actions. It was not only that his aims were the best and highest — for this is not rare in despotic characters — but his deep understanding of the ethical spirit of Christianity led him to adopt the method of persuasion rather than the easier method of compulsion. He was one of the first in the Middle Ages who protested against the prevailing harshness in education. His biographer says that on one occasion a stranger abbot came to Bec, and in the course of a conversation with Anselm he complained of the great difficulty he experienced in training the *monachi nutriti*. It was not his fault, he said; they were flogged incessantly, but it did no good — they grew up stupid and brutal. Anselm listened to the abbot's complaint, and then, as was his wont, he spoke a parable. "If a young tree," he said, "was planted in a garden, but had no space given it to expand, would not its branches become gnarled and crooked? Let kindness and sympathy be shown to the lads, and liberty granted as well as discipline exercised, and they will be won to God." As prior of Bec, Anselm put his own advice into practice. His appointment excited much jealousy among the older monks, who were displeased to see a young foreigner set over them. A lad named Dom Osbern sympathized with the jealousy of his elders, and set himself to torment the new prior. A strong, severe man like Lanfranc would have made short work with such an offender, and reduced the malcontents to subjection by a liberal use of the lash. Anselm adopted another course. He treated Osbern with marked kindness, granted him unexpected favors, tolerated his pranks, until the wayward lad, vanquished by his kindness, became devoted to the prior, who soon inspired him with his own passion for holiness. When Osbern was taken ill, the prior tended him during an illness which ended in death, with the most tender affection. In the hospital, Anselm, on this and on other occasions, showed himself to be such a consummate nurse, that the monks used to say he was "father and mother to the sick."

An incident occurred at the death of Dom Osbern which furnishes an interesting glimpse of the thoughts which were excited in devout minds by death in the Middle Ages; and it shows that Anselm the prior still had his dreams, as the boy

Anselm had when he lived in the vale of Aosta. We give it in the words of Mr. Rule, who tells it with all the reverent faith of a hagiographer.

As the end drew near Anselm, loth to have such a friendship snapped so soon, and yearning to trace the soul's passage, though an assured one, yet through what storms he knew not, hence to the eternal shore, bent over his dying friend and whispered an entreaty that he would, if it were possible, let him know when he was gone how it fared with him. He promised, and passed away. The body was washed, clothed, composed on the bier, and carried into the church, the whole community preceding it and singing the *Subvenite, Sancti Dei*. When the usual rites had been performed — it seems that he died about midnight, and was carried into the church after matins — the monks all sat round about the corpse, to watch it and sing psalms for the departed soul incessantly, until it was time for the next office. But the prior wished to be alone, and withdrew to an unobserved part of the church. There, as he prayed and wept, his strength failed him from fatigue and grief, and he closed his eyes, when lo! beings of reverend aspect, and clothed in the whitest of white garments, had entered the room where Osbern died, and seated themselves in judgment round the spot where, stretched on the sackcloth, he expired. But their sentence was hidden from the dreamer, who tried in vain to learn it. Presently the scene changed, and Osbern himself, pale and haggard, and like to one coming to himself from excessive loss of blood, appeared in sight. "What! you, my child?" cried Anselm. "How are you?" And the vision replied, "Thrice the old serpent rose up against me, and thrice he fell back again, and the bear-warden of the Lord God delivered me." Anselm opened his eyes, and Osbern was no more seen. But observe (continues Eadmer) how the dead showed the same obedience to the living which, living, he had been wont to show.

Anselm not only won the devoted affection of his own monks at Bec, but of all who came within the magnetic influence of his presence. People came from all parts of Normandy to seek his counsels. He had a multitude of correspondents whom he advised by letter, and even a company of ladies settled beside Bec in order to have the benefit of his guidance. When he visited England, where, after the Conquest, his friend Lanfranc became archbishop, he was received with the highest consideration by all classes. The king, stern to others, was gracious to Anselm; and Eadmer says that to such extent did Anselm win the hearts of the English that there was not an earl or countess or great person of any kind in England who did not seek his friendship,

and who did not deem that his or her spiritual state was the worse if any opportunity had been lost of doing honor or service to the abbot of Bec. Anselm owed his extraordinary influence over men and women to a combination of qualities not often found together. He was saintly, but he was also genial, and even at times humorous. He was fond of speaking to people in parables — some of which have been preserved, and which, as Dean Church says, remind us sometimes of the sayings of Luther and Latimer, but more frequently of St. François de Sales, and of the vein of quaint and unceremonious amusement which runs through the later Italian works of devotion.

As prior of Bec, Anselm won equal fame as a teacher. The chief duty of a teacher in those days was to impress the truths of religion upon men's minds. Even those who wore the religious habit were often indifferent, and it was the business of a prior to arouse them. We see in his "Meditations" the strain in which Anselm was wont to address his monks. These are no doubt in substance addresses which were really spoken within the walls of Bec. They have the intensity, the solemnity, and the deep religious passion which we are accustomed to in the best devotional works of the Middle Ages. The present life appeared to Anselm as a season of deadly peril, and he describes it in one of the meditations by means of an image which, as Mr. Rule truly says, is "as Dantesque as anything outside the pages of Dante."

Think that you see some deep and gloomy ravine, with every kind of torment down in its bed. Imagine over it a bridge, stretched across the yawning space, and measuring only one foot in width. If any one were compelled to go along a bridge so strait, so high, so dangerous, and to go along it with eyes bandaged so as not to see his steps, and with hands tied behind him so as not to feel his way with a staff — what fear, what anguish, would possess him! Nay, more; imagine monstrous birds of prey sweeping round the bridge, intent on betraying him down into the gulf — will not his terrors be enhanced? And what if one by one the paving-tiles slip from his heels as he advances? Surely he will be stricken with greater and greater anxiety the further he goes.

If the men of the Middle Ages cast looks of shuddering terror towards the unseen world, they also gazed towards it with feelings of unspeakable love and tenderness. The divine Redeemer was as real to them as the place of torment.

Anselm's "Meditations" are filled with expressions of ardent love to the Saviour. He dwells much, as was common in the Middle Ages, upon the vast contrast between the heavenly glory which Christ left, and the earthly pain and poverty which he accepted. It was this consecration of poverty by Christ that made it so dear to the religious spirits of the Middle Ages. It is often said that the monks accepted poverty that they might win heaven as a reward for their self-denials; but this is only true of those who had lost the perception of the original meanings of their vows. Men like Anselm loved poverty with a passionate love, and almost hated splendor and riches, because by accepting poverty they placed themselves in fellowship with Christ. Anselm says to the rich that they ought not to boast of their gilded furniture and of soft beds, for the king of kings had chosen rather to honor the cabin of the poor. While there was exaggeration in such teaching, it was not an unwholesome doctrine which taught the oppressed poor of the Middle Ages that they need not be ashamed of their poverty, and the rich oppressors that riches was not a subject for unmixed satisfaction.

It is not to his devotional works, in which he followed traditional methods, that Anselm owes his distinctive character among the religious teachers of the Middle Ages. While in Bec, he committed to writing certain arguments on the being of God, which he was accustomed to teach his disciples. They are known to us as the "Monologion" and the "Proslogion;" but the first was originally entitled "*Exemplum Meditandi de Ratione Fidei*," and the second bore the title "*Fides Quærens Intellectum*." The titles sufficiently indicate a new and forward movement in religious thought. The teachers of the Germanic people had hitherto contented themselves with teaching the traditions of the Church, and demanding faith and obedience. Anselm added a new demand. It was the duty, he said, of a Christian not only to believe, but to understand the doctrines of the faith; and that, not only that he might be able to convince unbelievers, but that he might derive from these doctrines the full nourishment which they were calculated to yield. Anselm stated his position with great reverence and caution; but it was a step full of importance for the future, when a devout Churchman summoned his disciples to an intellectual scrutiny of the doctrines of religion. Like

most pioneers, Anselm was troubled with a misgiving when he first attempted the unwonted work of religious thought. His disciple tells us that when he was thinking out the argument of the "Proslogion" his thoughts often disturbed him at prayers, and he was disposed to regard them as a temptation of the devil; but when at length the argument broke upon him in all its clearness, during a season of worship, in the church, he was filled with unspeakable joy, and rejoiced as one who had found a great treasure.

After spending thirty-three years in the Norman valley as monk, prior, and latterly as abbot, Anselm was transferred to the see of Canterbury. He did not become archbishop immediately on Lanfranc's death. For four years William Rufus kept the see vacant, that he might appropriate its revenues to his own use; and his conduct excited a deep discontent in England. It found expression in a curious manner at the midwinter Gemôt of 1092, at which a resolution was adopted that the king should be petitioned to allow prayers to be offered in all the churches of England, craving that God would move the king's heart to appoint a worthy pastor to the mother church of the kingdom. The king gave the required permission, but added that they might pray as they liked, but that no one would alter his will. He had sworn by "the face of Lucca" that no one should be archbishop in England except himself. With the aid of an unscrupulous priest, Ralph Flambard, whom he had appointed justiciar of the realm, William had developed a system according to which it was laid down, that "the king would be the heir of ilk man ordered and leud!" All land was regarded as a loan from the crown, and on the death of the possessor reverted to the crown, and had to be bought back by the successor. During a minority, or in the case of ecclesiastical benefices during a vacancy, the whole revenues went to the king. This was one reason why William kept Canterbury vacant. But it is probable there was another reason. An Archbishop of Canterbury was in a special sense the religious adviser of the king, who had a right to speak to him in the name of God and of religion. The Red King wished no mentor by his side who might remonstrate with him on his evil life and his unrighteous rule.

Anselm was in England when the Gemôt made the strange request of the king, and at the desire of the bishops he drew up the form of prayer which was used in

the churches. He had come to England to visit the Earl of Chester, who believed himself to be dying, and who sent for Anselm to give him spiritual counsels. The king scornfully suggested that he was lingering in England because he had his eye to the vacant see. On one occasion some of his nobles said in the king's presence that the abbot of Bec was one who loved God only, and sought for none of the things of the world. On which the king said in mockery, "Not for the archbishopric of Canterbury?" If Anselm had his eye on the vacant archbishopric he took a strange way of winning the king's favor. At the first interview he was graciously received, but Anselm desired the attendants to withdraw that he might speak with the king alone. He then told him that things were said of him in his realm which were not to his honor, and counselled him to reform his life and his ways. Dean Hook expresses his surprise at Anselm's want of courtesy; others will feel admiration for his fidelity; but at all events he gave the king fair notice of the sort of archbishop he was likely to be.

The king's resolution to appoint no one was altered, if not by the prayers of his people, by an event which was regarded by many as an answer to their prayers. William was taken suddenly and dangerously ill in the season of Lent, 1093, and was carried to the city of Gloucester, as it was thought, to die. He was filled with mental anguish by the thought of his evil life, and of his misrule. The bishops, who were summoned to his bedside, sent for Anselm to advise the royal penitent. Anselm came at once, and he urged the king to make full confession of his sins, and to make atonement for all that he had done amiss so far as lay in his power. The king assented, and from his bed he issued a proclamation which was put forth under the royal seal, in which he promised to release captives, to forgive all the debts due to the crown, and to appoint pastors to vacant churches. Those around the king urged him to complete his acts of reparation by making an appointment to the metropolitan see. The king rose from his bed, and pointing to the abbot of Bec said, "I choose this holy man Anselm." All who heard the king shouted with joy, except Anselm, who refused to approach the bedside of the king. He was then dragged by force to the king's bedside, who implored him not to condemn him to eternal torment, for he felt sure he would perish if he died with the archbishopric on his hands. Anselm still

refused. But a pastoral staff was found, and put into the hand of the sick king. It was partially forced into the resisting hand of Anselm. The clergy in the room then began to sing *Te Deum*; and Anselm was carried into the neighboring church, where a service was held.

Anselm at first refused to recognize the validity of the forcible investiture. He was reluctant to leave his abbey and his studies, and he knew the character of the king too well not to anticipate serious difficulties were he associated with him as a yokefellow. He put his objection, as usual, in parabolic form. It was an attempt, he said, to yoke a poor old ewe with a young, untamable bull. The old sheep might perhaps furnish them with the wool and milk of the Lord's word, but he could not pull in fellowship with such a comrade.

On his recovery the king showed no signs that his repentance had been anything but a passing mood of remorse. He said to one of his bishops, who seems to have been exhorting him to persevere in the good resolves he had expressed on his sick bed, "God shall never see me a good man; I have suffered too much at his hands." Mr. Rule frequently interrupts his narrative to pour maledictions on William, who certainly deserved all his censure, although Mr. Rule appears to forget that endless iteration is apt to blunt the force even of just condemnation. Mr. Freeman's judgment is briefer, but not less severe. "His practice," he writes, "was such as became the fool who said that there was no God, or, rather, the deeper fool who said that there was a God, and yet defied him."

Notwithstanding his reluctance, Anselm was obliged to become the yokefellow of William. The need of the Church in England was so great that he felt it would be treason to the cause of God to persist in his refusal. He sought an interview with the king, and laid before him the terms on which he would accept the primacy. The first condition was that he should receive all the lands which Lanfranc had held without delay. As for the lands to which the ancient Church had a claim, but which Lanfranc had not been able to win back, he demanded that the king should do him justice in his court. His second condition was that the king should take him as his spiritual father and adviser in things that concerned the Church and his own soul. The third was that Anselm should be permitted to acknowledge Urban as pope, which he had

already done in Normandy. The third condition was specially displeasing to William. His father had established the custom in England that no one should acknowledge a pope without royal permission. There were at this time two rival popes, and William had acknowledged neither. He did not, however, absolutely refuse Anselm's conditions. He promised to observe the first, and he delayed final settlement regarding the second and third. Anselm consented to receive the archbishopric. Kneeling before the king, according to the ancient custom of England, he did homage, pledging himself as the king's man for all earthly worship. His enthronement followed on September 25, 1093, and on the 4th of December he was consecrated at Canterbury. Mr. Freeman calls attention to the reversal of the order of these ceremonies which has taken place in later times.

The order then was homage, enthronement, consecration; the present order is the exact opposite. The bishop-elect is consecrated; then he takes corporal possession of the see by enthronement; last of all he does homage to the king, and receives restitution of the temporalities. In the elder state of things the spiritual office was bestowed on one who was already full bishop for all temporal purposes. By the later rule the temporal rights are bestowed on one who is already full bishop for all spiritual purposes. The difference in order seems to arise from the different theory of the episcopate which has prevailed since the restoration of ecclesiastical elections was fully established by the Great Charter. In the irregular practice of the eleventh century the notion of investiture of a benefice by the king had come to the front. The king had in his hands a great fief, which he granted to whom he would: that fief was chargeable with certain spiritual duties. It was therefore for the Church, by her spiritual rite of consecration, to make the king's nominee, already invested with his temporal rights, capable of discharging his spiritual duties. Such was clearly the established view of the days of Rufus, and the order of the process is in harmony with it. The office is treated as an appendage to the benefice. In the theory, which is both earlier and later, the benefice is treated as an appendage to the office; the order of the process is therefore reversed. The spiritual office is first filled by the three ecclesiastical processes of election, confirmation, consecration—the last course being needless when the person chosen is already a bishop. The bishop then takes personal possession of his church by installation or enthronement. The spiritual functions over, the bishop, now in full possession of his office, lastly receives the attached benefice by homage to the king and restitution of the temporalities at his hands. That elec-



tions were hardly ever free at any time, that the royal leave was needed for re-election, that kings recommended, that popes provided; that the later law requires the electors to choose only the king's nominee, and requires the metropolitan to confirm the person so chosen, makes no difference to the theory. The royal power is kept in the background; it is the ecclesiastical power which formally acts. The king's hand pulls the wires of the ecclesiastical puppets; but the ecclesiastical puppets play their formal part. The whole is done according to a theory which naturally places the formal act of the temporal power last. In the days of Rufus the whole was done according to another theory, which as naturally placed the formal act of the temporal power first of all.

The first difference that arose between Anselm and the king with whom he was unequally yoked, arose out of a question of money. The king was in need of funds for his wars, and Anselm, with the other nobles and prelates, made him a gift. He offered five hundred pounds of silver. The king was offended by the smallness of the sum, and returned Anselm's gift. Anselm, instead of offering a larger sum, as the custom was when a first gift was refused, sought an audience of the king, and remonstrated with him. It was a gift, he said, and he ought to be willing to accept what could be given with a good will, and not to wring a larger sum from him as from a slave. The king was exasperated by the plain speaking of the archbishop, and said "Keep your money and your jaw to yourself; I have enough of my own. Get you gone!" Anselm, we are told, withdrew from the royal presence, and remembered that at his enthronement the gospel had been read which says that no man can serve two masters.

He next met William at Hastings, where he was waiting for a fair wind to embark for Normandy to wage war against his brother. Anselm took occasion to appeal to the king's conscience. He could not expect, he said, a divine blessing on his enterprises unless he acted righteously in his realm. According to the laws of the Conqueror no synod of the Church could be held in England without the king's license. The Conqueror had, however, always given the license to Lanfranc. But William Rufus had never yet permitted a synod to be held, and Anselm pressed upon the king the necessity of assembling one to deal with the grave ecclesiastical and moral disorders of the land. The king replied mockingly, "What may come of this matter for you?" "For me nothing," said Anselm; "for you and for God,

I hope much." Anselm next touched upon a subject which was still more displeasing to the king: the vacant abbeys ought to be filled up. The king lost all patience, and told him that the abbeys were his, and that he had no right to interfere with them. "You know," he said, "what you say is most displeasing to me. Your predecessor would never have dared to speak so to my father." Therein the king spoke truly; and the Red King must by this time have understood that the gentle Anselm, with his self-forgetting zeal for righteousness, was a more formidable opponent to his despotic will than Lanfranc.

On William's return from Normandy, the persistent archbishop again appeared before him with a fresh request. He desired, he said, to go to Rome to receive the pallium from the hands of the pope as Lanfranc and other archbishops had done. The king refused the request on the ground that he had as yet acknowledged no pope, and that no subject had any right to acknowledge a pope in England without his permission. Anselm persisted; and by the consent of both parties the matter was referred to the Witan of the kingdom. The assembly met at Rockingham on March 11, 1095; and for several days the question was discussed. The king and his immediate counsellors sat apart in a chamber by themselves, and messages passed between them and the assembly. The place of meeting was crowded, not only with nobles and bishops, but with priests and laymen. Anselm then asked the advice of the Witan. The bishops, who were for the most part creatures of the king who had bought their offices, declared against their spiritual chief. He must promise to submit himself to the king, or they would give him no counsel. The nobles appeared to be of the same mind. Anselm then declared that since the bishops and chiefs of the Christian nation refused him counsel, he would go to "the chief Shepherd and Prince of all — the angel of great counsel," as he termed the pope! The bishops reported the words of Anselm to the king, who was vastly indignant. The bishops then, with William of Saint Calais, Bishop of Durham at their head, who had himself appealed to the pope, endeavored to stir up the king against the archbishop. They were long absent; and in the mean time Anselm fell asleep. On their return, William of Saint Calais upbraided Anselm for having robbed the king of dignity, and threatened him with the king's ex-



treme displeasure should he continue in his purpose. Anselm replied with dignity, and with ready arguments; and it then became evident that his placid courage had made a favorable impression upon some in the assembly. A knight stepped forth from the crowd and knelt at the feet of Anselm, and said, "Father and lord, through me your suppliant children pray you not to let your heart be troubled at what you have heard; remember how the blessed Job vanquished the devil on his dunghill, and avenged Adam, whom he had vanquished in Paradise."

Anselm and his friends were greatly comforted by the quaint words of the knight, "knowing the Scripture," says Eadmer, "that the voice of the people is the voice of God."\* It became evident that there was a reaction in the assembly in favor of Anselm, whose calm courage and readiness in debate had excited the admiration of the lay lords. The Bishop of Durham counselled the king to put Anselm down by force. "Let the ring and staff be taken from him," he said; "let him be driven from the kingdom." But the lay lords stoutly refused to acquiesce in this policy of violence. Anselm, they said, was their archbishop, and they must obey him in matters spiritual. And one of them, Count Robert of Meulan, openly expressed to the king his admiration for his opponent. "All day long," he said, "we were putting together counsels with all our might, and consulting how our counsels might hang together; and meanwhile he, thinking no evil back again, sleeps, and when our devices are brought out, with one touch of his lips he breaks them like a spider's net." The king was anxious to follow the violent counsels of the Bishop of Durham, but he felt that he dared not in face of the feeling of the lay lords; so it was agreed to postpone the decision of the question until the Whitsun Gemôt.

It was no mean day in English history [writes Mr. Freeman] when the king, the proudest and fiercest of Norman kings, was taught that there were limits to his will. It was like a foreshadowing of brighter days to come, when the Primate of all England, backed by the barons and people of England—for on

that day the very strangers and conquerors deservd that name—overcame the Red King and his time-serving bishops. The day of Rockingham has the fullest right to be marked with white in the kalendar in which we enter the day of Runnymede and the day of Lewes.

William extricated himself from his difficulty with considerable address. He sent two clerks of his chancery to Italy—Gerard, afterwards Bishop of Hereford and Archbishop of York, and William of Warelwast, afterwards Bishop of Exeter. They were instructed to acknowledge Urban, and to obtain from him the pallium. Urban was glad to grant the terms in order to receive acknowledgment from a powerful monarch, and he sent Walter of Albano to England along with William's messengers, as bearer of the pallium. On his arrival in England William publicly acknowledged Urban, but he desired as the price of his acknowledgment that Anselm should be deprived of his archbishopric by the authority of the pope. This request was refused by the papal legate, and William was compelled to make peace with Anselm. An attempt was then made to persuade Anselm to receive the pallium from the hand of the king. This he refused to do, and the pallium was laid upon the altar in the metropolitan church, and Anselm took it thence "as from the hand of the Saint Peter."

William and Anselm were now nominally reconciled, and for some time there was peace. But the king had not forgiven the man who had opposed his will. A new breach occurred in 1097, and from an apparently trivial cause. The king, on his return from a campaign in Wales, wrote an angry letter to Anselm, complaining of the contingent which he had sent to the army. He commanded him to be ready to do right to him according to the judgment of the court, whenever he should think fit to summon him. Anselm was deeply discouraged by this fresh token of the king's ill-will. He went to the Whitsun Gemôt in May, 1097, at which the suit against him was to be tried; and after making a last appeal to the king to aid him in the work of ecclesiastical and moral reformation, by giving permission to hold synods, he requested the king's leave to go to Rome. If Anselm made this request simply because a suit had been commenced against him in the king's court, he was morally as well as legally wrong. But his resolve seems to have been taken in consequence of the conviction to which he had arrived, that the

\* "Confidentes juxta scripturam, vocem populi vocem esse Dei." Mr. Freeman thinks the word *scriptura* must be here taken in a wider sense, as Eadmer could hardly have thought that these words were to be found in any of the canonical books. We are not so sure. Members of Parliament and even clergymen sometimes quote common proverbs as Scripture, and are surprised when they are told they are not in Scripture. And Eadmer had no Bible in his native tongue as we have.

king was so hostile to himself and so opposed to all his holy aims that it was impossible for him to remain Archbishop of Canterbury. Dean Hook thinks that the Red King might have been managed by Anselm, as the Conqueror was managed by Lanfranc, and he lays the blame on Anselm's want of tact and his unyielding temper. But it is difficult to see what Anselm could have done. He could only have purchased peace at the price of silence and compliance with wrong. Had he ceased to appeal to the king's conscience, had he been silent regarding the moral condition of the nation, William would have been satisfied. But by such a course he would have made himself a partaker in the sins of the king, and he would have taught the English people that no protest was to be expected from the Church when the sinner was a royal personage.

It may be admitted that Anselm was a less successful "manager" of royal personages than Lanfranc. Lanfranc belonged to the class of ecclesiastics who honestly seek to give righteous guidance to those in power; who do not altogether refrain from appealing to their consciences, but who act upon the principle that an open breach is at all costs to be avoided, and that it is better to wink at wickedness than to estrange a king. Anselm belonged to a higher fellowship than that of the convenient ecclesiastics of compromise. He was willing, he said, to be driven forth naked out of England rather than abstain from doing what he believed to be his duty. When his fellow-bishops assured him that it was vain to urge his request upon the king, he said, "If he will not give me permission I shall act according to Scriptural injunction, and obey God rather than man." We may regret that Anselm considered it his duty to appeal to the pope. But in doing so he acted in accordance with maxims which all men believed. The pope was the vicar of Christ upon earth, and what could an archbishop do, who found his position intolerable and his duties impossible, but appeal for aid and counsel to the head of Christendom? The king at first refused Anselm a license to go to Rome. He did not believe, he said sarcastically, that Anselm had committed a sin so black that none but the pope could absolve him; and as for counsel, Anselm was better fitted to give the pope advice than the pope was to give it to Anselm. As Anselm continued to urge his request he was informed that he might go, but that if he

went the archbishopric would be seized by the king, and he would not be again received in England as archbishop. The king and the archbishop had a parting interview. At the close Anselm expressed his desire to bless the king. "As an archbishop of Canterbury," he said, "speaking to a king of England, I would, before I go, give you my blessing, if you do not refuse it." The king was touched for the moment, and said, "I refuse not your blessing." He then bowed his head, and Anselm made the sign of the cross over it. Then they parted forever.

Anselm crossed to Wissant, and journeyed to Italy. The pope received him with every mark of respect, but showed no disposition to take up his case. In truth Urban was more perplexed than pleased by his arrival, for he had no wish to quarrel with William. As the air of Rome proved unhealthy, Anselm accepted an invitation from an old friend, John, abbot of Telesia, and sojourned for some time at the mountain village of Schiavia. In this quiet retreat his heart expanded, and he returned to his old studies. At Schiavia he finally committed to writing his famous dialogue "*Cur Deus Homo*," the arguments of which had been long familiar to his disciples.

He was present for some time in the camp of Duke Roger before Capua. The marvellous fascination of his manner attracted the heathen Saracens in the duke's army, who, we are told, always saluted him, knelt before him, and would have received baptism at his hands had not the duke objected to baptisms as likely to prejudice the discipline of his army. In October, 1098, he attended the Council of Bari. At this Council the pope called upon Anselm to defend the Western creed against the Greeks who were present. Anselm delivered a speech which has a place among his works under the title "*De Processione Spiritus Sancti contra Græcos*." The whole Council was impressed by his words, and when he had finished the pope exclaimed, "Blessed be thy heart and thy understanding; blessed be thy lips and the words which flow from them." Anselm's own case was afterwards taken up by the Council. The pope made a violent speech against William, and proposed to place him and his realm under the excommunication of the Church. Anselm interposed; he was not willing that matters should proceed to extremities; and the pope was only too glad to find an excuse for delay. In the mean time William of Warelwast came to

Italy as the emissary of Rufus, and he, having judiciously expended money among the counsellors of the pope, the pope was persuaded to grant nine months of respite to William, in which it was expected that he would make up his quarrel with Anselm. The latter was hurt by the lukewarm zeal of the pope, and he proposed to leave Rome, but was prevailed on to remain to the Council which met in the Lateran at Easter, 1099. At this Council he heard anathemas fulminated against all who practised or received lay investiture. His eyes were thus fully opened to the mind of the Church on the subject of investitures, and what he heard had an important influence on his future conduct. Nothing was done at the Council at the Lateran regarding the controversy between William and Anselm, although there was some plain speaking on the subject of the dilatoriness of the pope in the cause of one who had suffered so much for the Holy See. On the day after the Council Anselm left Rome, accompanied by Eadmer, who was the companion of his travels, "having obtained," writes the latter with some bitterness, "nought of judgment or advice through the Roman bishop except what I have said."

Anselm lived for some time in Gaul preaching, writing, and winning from all men "an extraordinary and incredible affection," as his companion records. Miracles were wrought by him—at least they seemed so to Eadmer and others, although Anselm himself seems never to have claimed the power of working miracles. In the autumn of the year 1100, when he was staying at an abbey near Brioude, in the Auvergne country, the tidings reached him that the controversy between him and William was ended by a higher verdict than that of the pope. Anselm had never ceased to pray for the king, and when he heard of his sudden death, he burst into "the bitterest weeping."

Anselm returned to England at the urgent request of the new king. Henry Beauclerc had every wish to live in harmony with Anselm; but difficulties arose over the question of homage and investiture. Anselm was now fully aware that lay investiture was forbidden by the highest ecclesiastical authority, so he refused the investiture from Henry which he had received without scruple from Rufus, and he declined to become the man of the new king. Some other bishops followed his example, and the king found himself in

great straits. He was unwilling to quarrel with Anselm at the beginning of his reign while his throne was yet insecure; but he was too far-seeing a statesman willingly to permit a powerful order of men to get a footing in his realm who refused to recognize him as their lord. Anselm consented that the question should be referred to the new Pope Paschal; and in the mean time he lived in harmony with Henry, and did him some important services. Henry was unmarried, and his bishops urged him to marry that he might reform the many irregularities of his life. He desired to take in marriage Matilda, the daughter of Malcolm of Scotland, who was descended from the Saxon kings. Such a marriage was in the highest degree politic, but there was an ecclesiastical difficulty in the way. It was said that Matilda had taken the vows of a nun, and that the marriage would be sacrilege. Matilda had lived for some time with her Aunt Christina in the convent at Romsey, and her aunt desired her to take vows; but the vows had never actually been taken. The question was fully considered at an assembly which Anselm convoked at Lambeth. Anselm then gave it as his judgment that the princess was free to marry, and she was united in marriage to Henry.

The questions of investiture and homage were not settled. The pope refused to give his sanction to lay investiture, and Henry pressed for what he considered his sovereign rights. The dispute ended in Anselm again leaving England to appeal to the pope. Paschal supported Anselm, but, like Urban, was reluctant to proceed to extremities; and Anselm, finding the pope so indifferent, determined to place England under his own interdict. Henry got notice of his intention, and offered to make concessions. They met at the castle of L'Aigle, on the Rille. There followed more references to the pope, and other negotiations, which ended in Anselm's return to England. In the month of August, 1107, a great meeting was held in London of bishops, abbots, and chief men of the realm, at which the king gave his consent that from that time forth no one should be invested in England with bishopric or abbey by staff or ring, either by the king or by any lay hand. Anselm, on his part, promised that no one should be refused consecration on account of homage done to the king.

The final settlement of the question was eminently just. The pastoral staff was the symbol of authority over the

flock, and the ring denoted the marriage of the ecclesiastic to his Church. It was unseemly that symbols of a spiritual relationship should be bestowed by an earthly monarch. On the other hand, Henry had a right to insist on homage from all who held lands in his realm. It is impossible to sympathize fully with Anselm in his conflict with Henry. But there were excuses for his conduct. The councils of the Church had prohibited lay investiture; and although popes used decrees and excommunications as mere instruments of policy, and were willing to tolerate what they condemned, this convenient attitude of mind was not possible to Anselm. To his logical and sincere mind, it appeared that what was so utterly wrong as to deserve the condemnation of a council ought to be resisted to the uttermost. Another excuse for Anselm was the past conduct of the Red King. He had resisted the authority of the pope, but he had not endeavored to substitute for it any wholesome authority of his own. As Mr. Freeman says, "Men had come to look on the king as the embodiment of wrong, and on the pope as the only surviving embodiment of right."

The victory of Anselm had a wholesome effect upon the Church in England. Henry was not a religious or a scrupulous man, but he was wise and discerning, and he felt that a public opinion had been awakened which he could not afford to despise; and instead of appointing unworthy clerks to bishoprics, as had been the custom, he took counsel with religious men regarding his appointments, and avoided appointments calculated to create a scandal.

The last two years of Anselm's life were spent in peace. He performed all his public duties, but spent what time he could spare from them among his monks at Canterbury, in study and devotion. His health gradually failed, and at length he became so weak that he had to be carried to the church to receive the sacrament. On Palm Sunday, 1109, his friends saw that he was sinking, and one went to his bedside and said: "Lord Father, we are given to understand that you are going to leave the world for your Lord's Easter Court!" Anselm replied: "If his will be so, I shall gladly obey his will. But if he willed rather that I should remain amongst you, at least till I have solved a question which I am turning in my mind, about the origin of the soul, I should receive it thankfully, for I know not whether any one will finish it after I am gone."

He died on the following Wednesday, the 21st of April, 1109. He was buried in the minster of Canterbury, beside his friend and predecessor Lanfranc. His remains were afterwards translated to the chapel which bears his name.

It was a faithful indication of Anselm's character when he desired on his deathbed to live a little longer that he might finish a philosophical argument. Throughout his life he was more devoted to study and to devotion than to the great public offices which devolved upon him as a leading ecclesiastic. Eadmer says that when he became weary in the archiepiscopal court, over which he had to preside, his friends were wont to lead him away, "to restore him with a passage of Scripture, a theological question, or some other spiritual antidote." He preferred the society of the monks of Canterbury to any other, and he likened himself to an owl, which is only well when it is with its young ones in a hole; but if it comes out among the crows and ravens it is distracted, and knows not which way to turn. But it is an error to speak of Anselm, as Dean Hook does, as a mere child in the affairs of the world. He did not love them, and grudged the time which he had to give to them; but when he reluctantly applied his mind to them, his logical understanding, his readiness in speech, and his inflexible will rendered him a most formidable opponent to the strong, sagacious Norman kings with whom he measured his powers.

It is upon the work which he loved—his work as a philosophical theologian, that Anselm's truest fame rests. He was not absolutely the first teacher of the Middle Ages who vindicated the rights of reason in the religious sphere. John Scotus Erigena, a daring and original genius, had already laid down the far-reaching principle that whatever is true in philosophy is true in religion, and conversely.\* But Erigena exercised but little influence upon his contemporaries, and the Church of the Middle Ages showed no disposition to accept a principle which would have reduced theology to the position of a handmaid, and a somewhat superfluous handmaid, of philosophy. Anselm, notwithstanding his strong speculative instincts, was first a man of religion and of the Church, and while vindicating the rights of reason, he was careful to subordinate those rights to what he considered the paramount claims of faith. Faith, he

\* *Conficitur inde, veram esse philosophiam veram religionem, conversamque veram religionem esse veram philosophiam.*

said, must precede the attempt to understand, and what is revealed must be surely believed, although not yet understood. And should the efforts to understand prove unsuccessful, as must sometimes be the case owing to the depth of the divine mysteries, the obligation to believe still remains. The principle of Anselm that faith must precede understanding was much discussed in the Middle Ages, and in later times. It may be doubted whether in such matters the principle of a priority in time can be maintained. Some amount of understanding must always precede faith; and it is not always the deepest reasons for our convictions that we first perceive. But Anselm was substantially right in affirming that the deepest and most cogent reasons for religious faith are derived, not from the logical conclusions of the understanding, but from those sentiments of reverence and trust which are evoked by the objects of Christian faith. In the "Monologion," and subsequently in the "Proslogion," Anselm endeavored to prove that the Christian conception of God is a necessary truth of reason. We find, he says, in the world a variety of objects endowed with a variety of excellences. This leads us to seek for some common principle by virtue of which they are excellent. We are thus led by the necessary laws of thinking to the conception of a supreme beauty, supreme goodness, and supreme cause, from which all other existences derive their existence and their excellences. In the "Proslogion" Anselm attempted to supply a shorter argument. The fool saith in his heart there is no God. While, however, he utters his denial, there passes through his mind the conception of a being than whom none more perfect can be imagined. But a being supremely perfect must have existence, or he would want one characteristic of perfection. When, therefore, the fool says there is no God, by thinking of God he gives proof of God's existence. The arguments of Anselm were assailed during his life by an acute monk named Gaunilo, who pointed out that if the existence of a conception proved the existence of a corresponding reality, we should be obliged to ascribe reality to the fables of the heathen poets. The after fate of Anselm's argument is singular. It was not accepted by the scholastic theologians, notwithstanding the high reputation of the author in the schools of the Middle Ages. It was suffered to drop into oblivion, until it was revived by Descartes, the

father of modern philosophy. Descartes made no allusion to Anselm, and it is uncertain if he had any acquaintance with his writings; but Leibnitz pointed out the similarity between the reasoning of the two philosophers. Leibnitz and others employed the argument in a slightly altered form, and it became known as the ontological argument for the existence of God.

Upon this argument Kant made a famous attack, in which, unconsciously following in the wake of Gaunilo, he said that if the conception of God proved his existence, then the conception of a hundred crowns would prove that they existed, and men would be able to increase their wealth by merely conceiving of wealth in imagination. The ontological argument was somewhat discredited by the arguments of Kant; but it was defended by Hegel, who maintained that while Kant's criticism was valid with regard to all other conceptions, it did not touch the conception of God, for by the necessities of the human mind we must think of him as existent. It is an evidence that Anselm was unconsciously in sympathy with the modern spirit that his arguments were revived by leaders of modern thought. He is spoken of as the father of the schoolmen, and it is true that by advocating the use of the understanding within certain limitations on matters of religion, he gave the first impulse to the movements which developed the scholastic philosophy and theology. But in his own methods of thinking he recalls Plato and the moderns, rather than the syllogisms of the schoolmen. He belonged, indeed, to an order of thinkers which can hardly be said to be the property of any century, and who give themselves to the permanent questions of humanity, rather than to the special questions which are peculiar to an age. Such writers always appear singularly modern to those who read them.\*

Anselm's most important contribution to theology is contained in the dialogue "*Cur Deus Homo*." In this dialogue, in which a monk named Bosco is the other interlocutor, he endeavored to demonstrate the necessity of the incarnation. The reasoning is as follows. Man was created by God in order to fill the place of the angels who had fallen. But when

\* M. Bouchette quotes the following saying of Anselm, and remarks regarding it that it seems to belong to another century: "Cum . . . Christus veritas et justitia sit; qui pro justitia et veritate moritur, pro Christo moritur."



man fell into sin it became needful for God to punish him, or God would have manifested an indifference to sin, and would have ceased to be a righteous moral governor. It behoved that man's sin should be punished; but had the punishment been inflicted upon man, the punishment must have been unending, and man would never have fulfilled the end of his creation. Thus would God's honor have suffered. How was the sin of man to be punished, as God's honor required, and man likewise to be restored to God's favor, and the place of the angels supplied, as God's honor also demanded? No created being could make the needed atonement; for no created being could offer to God anything beyond what he was already bound as a creature to offer. It remained that the task must be undertaken by the God-man, who alone could so atone for sin that man should be restored to favor. Anselm nowhere represents God as inflicting the punishment upon Christ, as is done in popular adaptations of his theory. He lays special emphasis upon the voluntary character of Christ's sufferings, and he says that Christ met his death at the hands of the Jews because of his steadfast adherence to righteousness.

No theological theory has ever exercised such an extensive influence upon the faith of the Church as the argument of the "*Cur Deus Homo*." It has often been termed the Catholic doctrine of the atonement. It is, however, more correct to say that the Church has received with unanimity that part of it which represents it to be impossible that God should be indifferent to sin; while the absolute denial of the possibility of forgiveness without atonement has been regarded as more doubtful. The theory has an interest personal to Anselm. Before his time Christ was represented as having redeemed mankind by giving his life as a ransom to the devil, who had become the lord of the human race. Anselm set aside this unworthy conception, which was probably a reminiscence from heathen mythologies. His own theory, though somewhat rigid and omniscient, is full of grandeur. The majesty of law is maintained. The governor of the universe, even while he shows pity, does not forget that it is essential to the moral well-being of his creation that righteous law be maintained. Anselm's own life was spent in a struggle for the preservation of righteousness upon earth, and he often found that the earthly representatives of justice were weak or unworthy. His courage and his

persistence were derived from the conviction that there was righteousness with God.

JOHN GIBB.

From The Sunday Magazine.

#### THE ROSE OF BLACK BOY ALLEY.

AN EAST-END STORY.

BY FLORA L. SHAW, AUTHOR OF "CASTLE BLAIR," ETC.

#### CHAPTER III.

SHE never heard all this time one word about her mother. Moggy might have been dead for anything Nixie knew to the contrary. One day she returned rather later than usual from an expedition to the Commercial Road, to find Joe's missis in a specially bad temper. She had wanted more sacks, she had no one to send for them, and Nixie no sooner entered the house than she began to vent her wrath on her by the usual medium of blows. The child was growing so accustomed to them that she took them without any sound but a groan or two. Suddenly she was hurled into a corner with such violence that she was for a moment stunned. When she opened her eyes again she saw a sight which made her cry aloud. Joe's missis was on the ground, and Moggy, her own mother, knelt upon her, thrashing her as in the old days she used to thrash all Nixie's tormentors.

"Mother! mother! mother!" Nixie cried. "Oh, mother, you're not dead!" Till then she hardly knew all she had feared. Her mother looked up, and Nixie ran into her arms. "Come away, come home! Let's get our palliasse out of pawn."

But, to Nixie's horror, instead of answering her mother trembled violently, the red flush died out of her cheek, showing her face bleached and shrunken with confinement, and she staggered into a chair, where she gasped for breath. Joe's missis rushed forward to take her revenge. Nixie flung herself between the two, and she and her mother would have suffered together, but that Joe entered at the moment.

"Now then, what are you at?" he asked in tones of sarcasm, which arrested his wife's onward rush. "Thrashing a sick woman who's hardly fit to stand! Just you go mind your sacks." His hands made his words good, and turned his wife forcibly away from Moggy, diverting the



current of fury to himself. But he seemed no more satisfied with one woman than with the other. "What did you come here for?" he growled at Moggy. "I told you your old place was all ready for you, and that you should have the child. Well, you may just go away home now and shift for yourself. I'll have nothing more to say to you from this time forth."

"Come, mother," Nixie pulled her mother's dress. "Come home." And still trembling, still without a word, Moggy rose, and crept out of the door very slowly, leaning on Nixie as she went. She made her way to their own court.

"Why, Moggy, the hospital don't seem to have done much for you," was the salutation of the neighbors as the tall, gaunt form passed by supported by the child. But Moggy vouchsafed no answer. She did not open her lips till they were within the shelter of their own room again. Their room—a little dirtier, a little barer, for the table had not come back—but still their room where she and Nixie had lived together. Then she sat down upon the palliasse, putting her elbows upon her knees, and her hands over her face, and Nixie nestling close, not daring to be the first to speak, saw tears trickling between the wasted fingers.

"I'm done, child," she said at last. "I can't even fight for you now. Oh, my God!" And, as if the sight of Nixie were too bitter, she stretched herself upon the palliasse and turned her face to the wall.

This was the home-coming, and Nixie found herself in the position of having her sick mother to take care of, with no food, no doctor, and no money. Joe was not to be thought of. He had cast them off, and to have ventured into his house on such an errand as to ask for help would, Nixie well knew, have been as useless as it would have been terrible. She had, for the first time in her life, to think of what was best to do. "My mother's been a real good mother to me, and I want to be a real good girl to her," she said to the friendliest of the neighbors whom she now took into consultation.

"Well, you just take and go to the parish," was the advice that she received, and she accordingly went to the parish. But the story she had to tell was not a very creditable one. Several weeks in hospital as the result of one fight, renewed illness immediately on leaving hospital as the result of another. A notorious drunkard and brawler always in trouble! No one to speak a good word for her but the child,

who reiterated gently, "She's a very good mother to me, sir!" It was not a case to excite much sympathy, and perhaps the child's golden hair and patient, pleading eyes, had, more than anything else, to do with the promise presently given, that the relieving officer should look in very soon. That promise was enough for Nixie. She went home content to sit quiet on a corner of the palliasse till he came. He came and the parish doctor looked in too. There was a comprehensive glance round the room and at the sick woman lying in the corner. The doctor took out his watch and looked at it. He was behind time in his rounds that day. A few questions were rapidly asked, Nixie, to whom all this was new experience, listening attentively. She gathered that her mother was very ill.

"Any father?" asked the doctor, glancing at her.

"No father."

"Means of livelihood?"

"Sack-making."

"You can't make sacks now, eh?"

"No, I can't."

"Complete destitution;" and he looked at the relieving officer.

"Case for the house," replied that official, entering something in a note-book as he spoke. "They had better come in at once."

But Moggy turned round fiercely from the wall. "Not I," she said. "I'll not stir out of this again till I'm carried to my grave. That's flat."

"No! no!" and Nixie took her mother's hand.

"Well, you know, my good woman, if you won't be helped according to the rules of the parish you can't be helped at all."

"Let us be. We'll make a shift to hold out somehow."

"There's never any knowing with these people if they are speaking the truth," said the relieving officer aside. "Very probably there are other means of subsistence."

"There is no question of the truth of the fact that the woman will never be well again."

"We'll keep our eye upon her, and when she's dead we'll see what can be done for the child."

Nixie heard and partially took it in. The upshot of the interview was that Nixie was told to come and fetch some medicine in an hour's time. She fetched it. Moggy refused to touch a drop, on the ground that doctor's stuff would do her no good, and the position of the house-

hold remained very much what it had been before Nixie went to the parish. The child sat down then to think again. She had never heard of the alleviation that nursing may bring to a dying bed. There was no pillow for her to turn, no bed-clothes for her to smooth, no food for her to prepare, no fan, no cooling drinks, no book to read. Only, in dirt and darkness, a bare straw bed, and stretched upon it a mother for whom, if she had known how, she would have done all that faithful hands can do. All through the stifling afternoon she sat and thought, and her sorrow and her love were perhaps more oppressive than the sorrow and the love of those more fortunate who know in such moments how to find expression. She knew nothing but that her mother suffered, her mother who was a good mother to her.

"Nixie."

"Yes, mother."

"I'm very bad."

"Yes, mother."

Moggy turned round from the wall and looked at the child.

"I ain't been much of a mother to you. But whatever will you do when I'm gone, child?"

"I dinno."

"If fighting would do it" — Moggy sat for a moment straight up in bed — "if fighting would do it, I'd fight to the last, and I'd drive this sickness out of me. In the hospital I thought I could, but I can't, I can't. It has gripped me now. And when I think of them beating you with none to give them a blow in return it pretty well drives me mad."

"It don't hurt so very much, mother, when you're used to it."

Moggy had dropped back into her place. Nixie's words did not seem to give her comfort. An impatient movement convulsed her body. Presently she spoke again.

"Nixie, when you were a baby you used to put your two hands together of a night and say your prayers."

"Used I?"

"Ay! Can you kneel up now, and put your two hands together, and pray?"

It seemed a strange request to Nixie.

"Who shall I pray to, mother?"

"To God."

"Him that made the roses?"

"Him that made the roses."

"What shall I pray for?"

"That he'll take care of you when I'm gone."

Nixie knelt up, and put her hands to-

gether: "God that made the roses, my mother says, will you please take care of me when she's gone?"

Moggy heaved a sigh of satisfaction. "I'm glad that's done, maybe he'll listen to you."

"Can he hear, mother?"

"Some say he can, some say he can't. I don't know."

Moggy turned once more to the wall. Before Nixie a vision had passed again of the garden and its pink flowering tree. A sudden resolution, a sudden hope, lifted her from her knees, and took her out into the streets.

"Wherever are you going, Nixie?" asked a woman who saw her hurrying alone.

"To get something that'll do my mother good," she joyfully replied.

How she was to achieve it she did not quite know; but somehow or other she intended to find the garden and to bring some of those pink roses home with her to her mother. Evening breezes were beginning to circulate through the stagnant air of the streets. They lifted her hair as she sped along, and cooled the flags under her bare feet. Now and then, between the great factories and wharves on the river-side, she had glimpses of the gleaming water, gold and red, under sunset reflections. Even the dirtiest and most squalid places had borrowed some beauty from the glowing west. Her mother's desire that she should pray had deeply impressed her. The God who made the roses had become nearer and more real; she could have fancied now that he beckoned her on.

She reached the garden. Behind it, a little to the left, the sun was sinking in a bed of clear, bright gold. The slanting rays lit on the railing and changed it, too, to gold; the tall trees blazed with gold, the stones had their golden setting, the grass threw its infinite tiny shadows upon a pure field of gold, and there in its corner, not very far from the railing, stood the bush which Nixie sought, its pink flowers more lovely than ever in the wonderful light. She looked round. There was no one in sight, and the opportunity was not to be lost. Another moment and she was over the railing. Her feet knew the touch of grass. She was at the tree. A sort of ecstasy had taken possession of her. Her heart beat so fast as she put her hand out to pluck a flower that she scarcely knew what she did. The thorns pricked horribly, but she did not care, she closed her hand upon the branch and

pulled. The branch was tough but it yielded at last; she held one flower in her hand. The next branch was even tougher. The thorns pricked worse than before. She grasped the stalk only the more tightly, she pulled with all her might till to her utter dismay the whole bush gave way. At about the middle of the main stem it doubled itself over and the heavy head with its thorns and flowers fell down upon her feet.

At the same moment a policeman's hand upon her shoulder, a policeman's voice in her ears, brought her back to real life again.

"What are you up to, you little vagabond? What business have you in a churchyard, eh? Pulling the things about. Lock up's the word for you, I promise you. Come along."

She had realized the position only just enough to conceal her one flower safely in the breast of her dress when the words "Lock up" fell upon her ears.

"Sir, sir," she implored, "I won't do it again; you can't lock me up, my mother wants me."

"Your mother should keep you at home if she wants you."

"She can't, she's sick in bed."

"More shame to you then to be running about the streets. Why don't you stop at home and take care of her?"

"I want to, I want to. Oh, I must get home."

"Yes, yes. It's a likely story. You'll be put somewhere now where you can't run out when you feel inclined."

With a steady grasp upon her arm the policeman was pushing her in front of him, along the street. Nixie in her despair could find no words, and the tears streamed silently over her white cheeks. They had taken her mother from her; now they were taking her from her mother, and as to all she could do to escape "they" might have been made of iron.

"Hullo, little Rose, have you got into trouble? What's she been at, master?"

It was the voice of her teacher, her long-expected teacher.

"She's been trespassing, and she's going where trespassers should."

"Oh, teacher, teacher, tell him I ain't a bad one. I only wanted some pink roses for my mother. I never meant to break the tree."

"Ah, and I promised you I'd bring you a rose. So I will some day. Where do you live?"

But the policeman had relaxed his hold. Her gratitude could not make Nixie lose

the chance. She darted like a squirrel across the road and in an instant was out of sight. Had she heard the good-humored laugh with which the policeman witnessed her feat, she would not have fled with such terror in her heart. She would perhaps have thought she had been wiser to stay and give her address to her friend. But she knew nothing of the law or its limits; she only felt that she and her mother were hunted by people who wanted to take them one from the other, and like a hunted creature she fled into those streets where the shadows lay deepest. Once out of the policeman's sight, however, she was sustained through the painful race by the thought of the flower which pricked her breast. She had succeeded, she was bringing her mother what would make her well. By the time she entered her own alley she had forgotten all but that. She knelt on the palli-asse beside her mother, she drew out the flower.

"See, mother, see. I've brought you a rose."

The room was so dark that Moggy could hardly see. She put out her hand to take it.

"Why, child, it's no rose. It's a thistle!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE neighbors said that it was a marvel how Moggy lived. But, rough as they were, it was they who made it possible that she should. Joe came near her no more. Some of her other drinking companions looked in, however, from time to time, and if they had money gave her a little. Sometimes the more good-natured women in the court gave Nixie a bit of bread or a piece of stale fish, and the wild, rough girls who made sacks faster than any one else, told Moggy to send for her sacks just the same, and did the extra work between them.

So day after day, as the hot month of August went by, found Moggy still stretched upon her bed, and Nixie still sitting with face that grew more and more wistful, watching most of the time by her mother's side. Not always, however, was Nixie there. It was but just that, when the court kept her mother, Nixie should do what she could for the court, and if a baby was to be minded or a message to be run, or — rare luxury — a room to be scrubbed, Nixie was called upon to do it. She was maid of all work to a court which contained almost sixty families. It was not likely, therefore, that she should eat

the bread of idleness. Legs, back, and head ached wearily from morning to night, and often from night to morning again. The miles of messages she ran were past any computation of hers; but she scarcely minded them now. She had her mother to come back to when she was done, and there was always the hope that some day she would meet her teacher and see a real rose after all. Her disappointment of the thistle had been terrible; but she had recovered from it a little, and when her mother told her how much more beautiful real roses were, and reminded her of the scent, her desire to see them become only stronger than before.

At last, one day, a message was given her which took her up to the Commercial Road. She had delivered the message, and with the old longing strong upon her, she lingered at the corner to watch the arrival of the 'buses and trams. It was possible that there were teachers among the people who got in and out of those vehicles; but there was no teacher among them all for her now, carrying, as she hoped her teacher would, a beautiful pink blossom in his hand. She was turning away, after half an hour of fruitless watching, when a cry fell upon her ears which she had never heard before, —

"Flowers, all a-blowing and a-growing!"

She looked in the direction from which it came, and, through a maze of omnibuses and tram-cars and barrows and carts, she saw a blaze of scarlet and white and blue and yellow, which seemed like a moving garden. It was a low, open cart filled with flowering plants, and walking by the head of the pony which drew it was her teacher. Under the noses of the horses, between the wheels of the carts, she darted across. Her hand was in his before he had seen her.

"Teacher! teacher! I've been waiting for you."

"And I've been looking for you, I promise you. Look what I've got here. This is the third day I've put it in the cart, just on purpose to give it to you, and I might have sold it twenty times over."

As he spoke he lifted from the back of the cart a profusely flowering pink rose-bush in a pot. It had been lately watered, the green leaves sparkled in the sun, and the scent, as he held it under Nixie's nose, surpassed her wildest imaginings.

She could not speak; she could only look at him with such a sensitive, quivering, grateful face that he also found nothing to say.

"Did God give it to you?" she asked at last.

"Ay, ay! He told me, anyway, to give it to you."

"He is good. My mother will be glad. Oh, teacher! I do love you." She had found words to express her thanks, and now they flowed freely out — freely, at least, for Nixie, for she was at no time a very great talker. She told him of her mother's illness and great desire for roses. In a few shy words she told him, too, what she had been doing when he last met her, and in view of this real rose-tree she was able to smile, when she came to the end, and "the flowers were only thistles after all." Only one question her sad experience of disappointments taught her. "Do you think these are the right kind of roses my mother wants to make her well?"

"I can't say, my dear; but they grow in cuttings from just such a tree as she told you about — a tree that stands by my own cottage door."

When the rose-bush was placed in her arms it was found to be too heavy for her to carry safely, and besides, as she observed, the boys would never let her pass with it now they knew her mother was too sick to beat them. So it was arranged that she should follow the cart awhile in its rounds, and her friend promised that by-and-by, when the flowers were sold, he would drive down her way and carry the rose-tree through the court himself.

"You're pretty tired, ain't you?" he asked, as he looked down at the face which seemed almost transparent with the flush of excitement upon it.

"My legs ache," she answered. But her eyes followed the rose-tree, and legs seemed a matter of small importance in comparison with the joy of roses.

"And how are you going to walk through London after the cart?"

She smiled confidently. "I don't mind aches."

But he was shifting and rearranging his pots. The rose-tree came at length to the front of the cart, and beside it there was an empty space, into which he thrust an armful of straw.

"Now, then, up you get; you shall have a ride in the cart as we go along." And actually before Nixie could take in his meaning she was seated amid the flowers. Behind her was the pure white trumpet of an arum, at her side her own rose tree; the pungent smell of geraniums saluted her nostrils; a fringe of bright blue lobelia was close beside her left

elbow. When the cart moved on she thought that she really must be in a good dream. The other children in the street looked like her. As for herself, there was no self; all was lost in these marvelous flowers.

"You'll see and not hurt the bloom," warned her friend, who went forward to the horse's head.

Hurt them! Nixie could have worshipped them all.

"Where do you get all the flowers from?" she asked once.

"I'm a gardener myself; I grow them."

"What's that?"

"Well, I make them grow."

"Oh, I thought—I thought you said it was God makes the flowers grow?"

"So he does, my dear—so he does; I only help him, so to speak."

"It must be nice to be helping God."

There was no lack of customers for the flowers. In those hot, grey streets, every one who had a few pence to spare was glad to secure a bit of freshness and color for himself. The cart emptied rapidly, and the price of the rose-tree was asked again and again. Each time that happened there was a smile for Nixie, as the answer came that it was not for sale. It was hard to believe at first that what others wanted could possibly be reserved for her, and she trembled at each demand. But by degrees she grew quite confident, and it only pleased her to hear it admired. One old gentleman was very persistent. He must have it; he didn't care what the price was. But Nixie's friend was persistent too. It was not for sale, he said; and as he and Nixie exchanged their confidential smile Nixie laid her hand upon the pot.

"Ah, you have given it to your little girl, I see. Well, I wanted it for mine."

Nixie's smile became one of amusement at the notion of being taken for the teacher's little girl; but he answered gravely enough,—

"She's not my little girl, sir. I gave her the rose-tree for the sake of one I had."

"Ah, ah! I am sorry I spoke. She's so like you, I thought she was yours." The old gentleman bustled off, and Nixie's friend looked at the child with a curious searching glance.

"Had you a little girl?" she asked.

"Yes, but I lost her."

"Was that her you were looking for—her with the yellow hair?"

"No, that was my wife."

"And did she get lost too?"

"Yes, through my own fault I lost her. I did something I shouldn't have done, and we quarrelled. Then I went off to sea, and left her. For years and years I never sent her a word, and when I went home she was gone."

"And didn't you ever find her since?"

He shook his head, and Nixie felt that he had said all he meant to say.

At last all the flowers were gone but the rose.

"Now, tell me where your mother lives," he said. It was for Nixie to point out the way. They stopped at the entrance to the court. He lifted her down.

"Oh, teacher, teacher!" she exclaimed in her gratitude, "I don't believe I ever was happy before."

He placed the rose-bush in her arms, and when the children of the court rushed at her his stalwart form warded them off. So under safe guardianship she carried the precious burden herself to her mother. The man held back a little and kept back the troops of inquisitive children. Nixie entered alone.

"See, mother, see!" she cried. "This time I've brought you real roses. Growing roses all over the tree."

Moggy had been asleep. She opened her eyes at the triumphant voice; she saw the plant set down at her head.

"Why, child! why, child!" she exclaimed, "they're the self-same flowers I told you of. It's home come to me again."

"Molly," said a voice at the door.

"Tim."

And the next instant Nixie saw her teacher kneeling upon the floor with her mother caught close in his arms. She scarcely knew what followed next. The first words she heard distinctly were these:—

"Molly, it was all my fault. Many a time across the seas I've sworn that if ever I saw you again these should be the first words I spoke; but I've come back to the old place now, and I've taken to better ways."

"Ah, Tim! and I've taken to worse."

That was all Nixie ever heard of the quarrel which had parted her parents, for the time they had together was short, and by one accord they wiped out the sadness of the past.

"I shan't trouble you long," Moggy said. "It seems to me now I was only waiting for you to fetch the child."

She turned to Nixie and bade her roll up her sleeve.



"You see the mark you put on her, Tim. Well, since that day, though I've done many bad things, she never got a blow from me nor from any one else that I could help; and what fretted me was the thought of leaving her in this place without one to fight for her."

"I'll work now for her and for you too."

"Not for me. I'll be gone in the morning."

"Gone where?" It was Nixie who asked.

"Dead, child, dead!"

"Mother, mother, don't the roses make you better?"

"Ay, that they do; better than ever I hoped to feel again. Tim, I've tried, and I've tried, to forget you, but somehow I never rightly could, and at the sight of the flowers when I woke just now I thought for a minute all was over and Heaven true. Tell me about the old place at home. I shall like for this child to hear."

The court was not inclined to let Moggy have the stranger all to herself. Heads were pushed in perpetually at the door and faces ranged themselves at the dusky window.

"Send them away," she said to Tim.

"Let me have peace — peace!"

He rose and went out. When he returned he had disposed of his horse and cart, and of the court. He shut and locked the door behind him, and then he sat down on Moggy's pailiasse to leave it no more till Moggy herself should leave him.

Moggy had accepted his return easily. Perhaps in the light of approaching death no other change could seem wonderful, but to Nixie it was all very strange. She curled herself in the far corner by her mother's head, and felt like one dazed as she listened to the conversation that took place. It was all of the country, and of happy days. Moggy's desire for peace in these her last hours was granted. She and Tim smiled as they talked, and their words brought visions of an earthly Paradise before the eyes of the listening child. Nut woods, where in spring the prim-roses grew, sheets of bluebells, flowering May hedgerows, breezy commons, apple orchards laden with fruit, and through it all "You and me, Tim. Do you remember?"

Tim told how, after years of seafaring, he had been able to get back the old home with the rose-tree yet by the porch and the damson-tree over the well, and had set up as a gardener again.

"That's where you'll live, Nixie," her mother said.

And then Nixie whispered softly, "Can't you come too, mother?"

"No, child, I can't; and I'll tell you why. All that was given to me long ago, and I had only to be good and happy. But I must needs be bad, and I lost my chance. Tim, presently, I'd like the child to look at me well, lying dead here in this filthy hole; and, then, if ever she feels inclined to be bad, she can say to herself, 'That's what it comes to.' You see" — and Moggy's smile was not bitter — "even we bad 'uns may be of some use after all."

Nixie's head drooped as the night wore on. The excitement of the day had fatigued her, and the sound of her father's and mother's voices was soothing. It passed from words into gentle murmurings. Then in her ears it ceased altogether. The next thing she heard was the voice of her father bidding her wake.

"Mother!" was the first word she spoke.

"Mother's dead!"

Nixie's was no passionate grief. The knowledge that her mother was dying had been hers for so long, the habit of bearing what she did not like had been so formed, that she accepted this sorrow gently, as she had accepted the rest of her share in life. Her father had awakened her in the dark, and took her out for an hour or two. When she saw her mother again it was not as Moggy had pictured herself, in the midst of dirt and wretchedness, but decently stretched under a clean white sheet, with the pink rose-tree flowering at her head, and the peace of her gentle end shining yet in the waxen features.

"Please God, I'll be a good father to you, Nixie," Tim said as they gazed together; "and you'll try to be a good child, won't you?"

"Yes, father," Nixie answered simply, "because she was a good mother to me."

In a garden in the country Nixie works under her father's directions. Once in each season they make a pilgrimage with flowers all a-growing and a blowing to those lands near home where children like Nixie hardly know that in England roses grow. Nixie is ignorant still, for, as he truly said, Tim was no teacher. But little by little they learn together; and if any one asks Nixie how she and her father spend their time, she answers that they help God to make the flowers grow.



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## LETTERS FROM GALILEE.

## II.

## JEWISH AGRICULTURE.

A MOST romantic path, not usually taken by tourists, leads from the Plain of Gennesareth up a wild gorge to Safed. The rugged beauty of the scenery culminates at the base of the gigantic rock Akhbera, where we stop a few moments to water our horses at the spring of Ain Kehaly, and gaze wonderingly at the red sandstone face of the cliff rising precipitously above us, to a height of at least five hundred feet, for it is perforated with caverns, and honeycombed with corridors which communicate in the interior. There was a time when it was a sort of rabbit warren of robbers — not a single den, but a collection of dens of thieves who lived like swallows in the holes of the cliff, but how they got into them is a problem to any one looking at them from without, as there are no stairs or ladders visible by which to scale the dizzy heights. The ascent is said to have been made by passages in the interior, but these have now for the most part been blocked by the roofs which have fallen in. As they are not supposed to possess any antiquarian interest, I am not aware of their ever having been thoroughly examined, and the investigator bent upon their exploration would soon find himself engaged in a war with the owls and bats and eagles, and be compelled to resort to dynamite or gunpowder to clear his way. No doubt a good climber, with a strong head, might sometimes at the risk of his neck scramble along the face of the rock outside, from one cave to another, and I cannot imagine a more tempting field of inspection for adventurous youth. Indeed this part of Galilee abounds in precipices, which are interesting from a historical and an archaeological as well as a picturesque point of view; while the elevations from which it is possible to fall, although not equal to those of the Alps, yet possess the merit of being high enough to be fatal in the case of a false step. Every inducement is therefore offered for the formation of a Palestine Climbing Club, which should have for its object the exploration of the mountains, tombs, and caverns of the country. Such a club would possess this advantage over its Alpine rival, that while it afforded sufficient risk to life and limb to insure enjoyment, the results might occasionally be interesting and useful to the world at large, while the occupation would exer-

cise the mind as well as the body. In case any Alpine climber, on reading this, should feel inclined to scale a few Palestine precipices, I should recommend him to begin with the Wady Hamam, which runs out of the south-west angle of the Plain of Gennesareth, and the rock Akhbera. They are not above seven miles distant from each other. The cliffs in the Wady Hamam are nearly twelve hundred feet in height, are crowned by an old castle, consisting of caverns in the rock connected by passages and protected by walls; and like Akhbera, the whole face of the dizzy cliff to the top is perforated with robbers' nests. Herod besieged them here, and only succeeded in turning them out — to make room for hermits at a later date — by letting down cages full of soldiers by ropes to the mouths of the caves, where a battle took place in mid-air, in which it would have been pleasanter to have been on the side of the robbers than the soldiers. It is noteworthy that the style of abode which best suits thieves should be the most admirably adapted to hermits, who both in such a very different fashion depended for their sustenance upon a confiding public. They are still inhabited mainly by birds of prey; but perhaps when a railway comes this way with modern civilization in its train, they may be converted into dynamite magazines, or put to some other use consistent with the progressive spirit of the age in which we live. In 1258 Rabbi Jacob of Paris found here the tombs of three celebrated rabbis; and Josephus mentions the rock Achabari or Akhbera in connection with the castle of Seph, which he fortified, in upper Galilee. Dr. Thomson is probably accurate in his identification of this castle with the ruin which now crowns the mountain upon which the modern town of Safed is situated. The first mention we have of the place is in the Vulgate version of the Book of Tobit, and rabbinical tradition attempts to identify it with the Bethulia of the Book of Judith; but Captain Conder has, I think, successfully proved that the true position of this latter town is to be found at Mesiliah or Mithilia near Jenin. It is a two miles' scramble from the rock of Akhbera to the "city that is set on a hill, and which cannot be hid," as some have fancifully designated Safed, upon the hypothesis that the Sermon on the Mount was preached on one of the horns of Hattin, from which it is a conspicuous object. Whether this be so or not, the most remarkable thing about

Safed is its position: perched upon the summit of a mountain nearly three thousand feet above the sea-level, it presents a striking appearance from all parts of the country, over which it commands an extensive view. Its outward aspect, which is somewhat imposing, is, however, sorely killed by its internal condition. The streets are narrow and pestiferous, from the fact that each contains in its centre an open gutter which answers the purpose of a sewer, and one finds one's self to one's surprise suddenly transported into the Ghetto of some Polish or Roumanian town. Not merely do the smells but the sights and sounds of the East seem to have departed. Instead of mingled odor of burnt manure, tobacco, and coffee, which usually pervades an Arab village, we have the drain pure and simple. Instead of turbans and shaved heads and flowing robes, we have high hats, long ear-curls, and greasy gabardines. Instead of Arabic, we hear guttural "jargon." At Tiberias the Jewish inhabitants are nearly all Sephardim, wear Eastern raiment, and speak the language of the country as their own. Here, about five-sixths are Ashkenazim, and retain the language and costume of eastern Europe. But Safed contains a larger population, and is altogether more essentially Jewish, than Tiberias, and has been celebrated among the Jews as a "holy city" even before the sixteenth century, when it became the great seat of ecclesiastical learning and bigotry. Besides several rabbinical schools, there were eighteen synagogues and a printing-office here. Except Jerusalem itself, there is no town anywhere more revered by Jews. In 1837 the place was destroyed by an earthquake, and more than four thousand of the population perished. For many years after this catastrophe it seemed as though it would never regain its former importance, but of late years its population has been increasing rapidly, — so much so that it is difficult to form an accurate estimate of its present total, but we shall probably not go far wrong if we put it at fourteen thousand, of whom half are Jews who live on one side of the hill, and half Moslem who live on the other. The summit is crowned by the ruins of the old crusading castle, built on the foundations of Josephus's fortress, and the town almost encircles it. The crusading remains, however, have in their turn given place to a more modern construction; and the present ruins — which were caused by the earthquake nearly fifty years ago — are

those of the castle that Daker el' Amr built here at the time that he defied the Turkish government, and governed this part of the country by force about the middle of the last century. After the decisive battle of Hattin in 1188, Saladin took Safed, which is then described as a strong castle; but it was given up to the Christians, and rebuilt by the Templars in the following century, only to be speedily recaptured by Bibars. The remains of the fortress, to which so many interesting associations attach, are, however, rapidly disappearing, as the people of Safed use them as a quarry, and I saw several new houses in process of construction in the Jewish quarter, the stones of which had formed part of the old castle.

Safed is mentioned in the Talmud as a place fit for a signal station, under the name of Tzeaphath, and in the Book of Tobit as Sephet. It is evident that, from a very early date, Safed was venerated by Jews, probably owing to its proximity to the tombs of holy men and learned rabbis, and acquired a character for sanctity which attracted Jewish pilgrims thither. Thus in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it is mentioned by several Jewish writers as being inhabited by a large Hebrew community. Since the Russian atrocities and the persecution in Roumania have driven so many of this race to seek a refuge in the Holy Land, this community is steadily increasing, in spite of the efforts of the Turkish government to prevent immigration; and unless measures are taken to provide them with suitable occupation, it is to be feared that much destitution will result, and that the burden of the Haluka, or fund subscribed by Jews abroad for the maintenance in idleness of their co-religionists who flock to Palestine to pray and die in the country, will be augmented by the necessity of supporting all those members who have of late resorted to it with an honest desire to work, and, if possible, to live there, and who will continue to do so.

It is difficult for a Christian to enter into the mind of a Jew upon this subject; but it must ever be a matter of great interest to Christians to know what Jews think about it. It is a remarkable fact that in proportion as one travels west, does the opposition of Jews to the Palestine colonization movement increase. It is nowhere stronger than in America. This may arise partly from the fact that, owing to the difference in the material and political surroundings which exists between the Jews of the United States

and those of eastern Europe, the former are altogether out of sympathy with their Eastern co-religionists; and partly in consequence of the ignorance which prevails generally as to the local conditions in Palestine. This induces Western Jews to regard the scheme as fantastic and visionary. Were there no prophecies on the subject, it would not excite so much controversy; but in countries where there is a strong tendency on the part of the Jew to assimilate himself as much as possible to the Christian, and to identify himself with the institutions of the nation which he has adopted, as is the case to a marked extent in America, there is a shrinking from a movement which is acquiring national proportions, lest by encouraging it he should seem to be a bad patriot, and have other aims and aspirations than those which are directly connected with the land of his adoption. Yet with the American Irishman under his nose, the American Jew need not fear that the fact of his having two separate nationalities would operate to his disadvantage. If the Irish patriot who is an American citizen loses no credit with his fellow-citizens by loudly proclaiming that he is an Irishman first and an American afterwards, and that he is only using his adopted nationality as a temporary vantage-ground from which it can more conveniently operate for the establishment of his own overt acts of violence, the Jew certainly would not suffer by supporting his oppressed co-religionists in their peaceable efforts to cultivate the soil of their fathers; nor need even the creation of a Jewish nationality oblige him to abandon the one which he has made his own, and to which he may feel himself bound by his financial or political interests. It is due, however, to many of the Jews who are opposed to the movement to say, that they are actuated by no selfish motive, but by a religious sentiment based upon the belief that the return of the Jews is to be accomplished by a direct and visible intervention of the divine hand, which should not be precipitated by human means, as the object of the dispersion, — which was to serve as a permanent manifestation of Jewish doctrines, — the mission of the race, would suffer by its premature settlement in Palestine. In answer to all this, it may be said that the encouragement of agriculture by Jews in Palestine does not necessarily conflict with the miraculous return expected by some Jews, while it need still less be feared by those who are sceptical on this latter point. It would be as

monstrous to refuse assistance to a few struggling colonists, for fear they might prematurely force on a fulfilment of prophecy, as to deny it to them on the ground that they might form the nucleus of what might become a new and inconvenient nationality. For the present the contingency, though it may ultimately arise, is too remote to be allowed to interfere with a pressing charitable obligation. The *Jewish Chronicle* — the most able representative of Western Jewish thought — has treated this subject in a spirit at once liberal, impartial, and enlightened. In discussing the opposition which the establishment of Jewish agricultural colonies in Palestine has encountered among Jews in the west, it remarks: —

Whatever can be urged against the encouragement of the tendency, — however undesirable the movement generally may be considered, — it is, we contend, one that already attracted a large number of Jews who have suffered persecution for their religion; and for this reason, if for no other, it demands consideration of the Jewish public.

It is not difficult to understand the motives which lead many to fear entering upon the subject. If the attempt to found agricultural colonies were made in any other quarter of the globe, there is no doubt it would receive sympathetic attention. The experiments of a similar kind in the far West of America have already received very substantial encouragement from the leading Jews of western Europe. But when the movement is directed towards Palestine, the subject becomes immediately submerged in a much larger question. Such is the halo of tradition round the Holy Land, that anything connected with its soil loses at once its independent position, and becomes involved in some of the crucial problems which affect Western Judaism. The result is that a movement towards Palestinian colonization ceases to be treated on its merits, and becomes involved in questions of much wider import and bearing. In consequence there is always a latent objection to treating the question, not to say fairly, but to treating it at all, owing to a fear that the whole problem of the future of Judaism may be involved in deciding the question whether a few Jews, who have displayed self-denying energy, should be assisted with small loans or gifts of tools, . . .

The Return has formed the aspiration of all the noblest sons of Israel during the Dispersion, and it is not strange that it should still retain its hold on those who inherit their spirit. On the other hand, much is to be said for the opinion that any premature indulgence of this sentiment is likely to be prejudicial in view of anti-Semitic accusations of want of patriotism.

At Safed itself there is a strong party opposed to Jewish colonization on a still

more selfish ground. These are the rabbis and elders of the ultra-orthodox and Chassidim party, who think they perform an act of piety by coming here to spend the last years of their lives in idleness, in whose mind devotion seems to be inseparable from mendicancy, who consider they have a sacred claim upon the alms of their co-religionists, who nevertheless begot children who are driven perforce into following the example of their parents, and who have a tendency to grow up useless members of society, and who attach no degradation to the idea of eating the bread of idleness, who are discouraged and even prohibited by their clergy from enlightening their minds by any other education than that of the narrowest theology, and who, therefore, form a community upon whom the efforts of those who desire the regeneration of their race should first be concentrated. These young and able-bodied men, the sons of men who are opposed to agricultural colonies, because they are afraid that it would diminish the supply of charity upon which they live, are those who should be forced to labor on the soil, under penalty of having that supply stopped. They would be perfectly capable as farmers to support their parents; and those Jews who repudiate as a moral and religious obligation the contribution to the Haluka should be the first to contribute to a fund which if properly applied, would ultimately prove its death-blow. Therefore it is in the neighborhood of Safed, where large tracts of fertile land can be bought more cheaply than almost anywhere else in Palestine, that agriculture should be most actively pushed. I was offered a tract of fifteen hundred acres in the immediate neighborhood of the town for a sum which was returning to its proprietor an average income of ten per cent. on the price he was prepared to take, nor was this surprising, considering that the legal rate of interest is twelve per cent., which by judicious loans to the Fellahin can be easily doubled. The grapes which are produced in the neighborhood of Safed are among the finest in Palestine; and the country round, which is well watered, is celebrated for all descriptions of produce.

Like the Jews of Tiberias, those of Safed are all under the protection of some foreign power. The consular agents who represent those powers are all Jews also, and their position does not therefore, in most cases, carry that weight with it that it would, if they were foreigners. This is notably the case so far as England is

concerned, which country assumed the protection of a large number of Jews who fled from Russia at the time of the Crimean war. During the foreign administration of Lord Palmerston they had nothing to complain of, but since then, especially during the present administration, every attempt is being made to shuffle out of our responsibilities in regard to them. They are oppressed and persecuted by the Turkish authorities without hope of redress, and the British consular agent himself has never even been furnished with the necessary papers which should entitle him to recognition by the Turkish authorities. It is necessary, in order to preserve the privilege of this nominal protection by England, to which the Jew still clings, that he should register himself every year at the British Vice-Consulate at Haifa, and pay a fee of five shillings. This entails a long journey. It has been hoped by the Foreign Office that the trouble and expense would result in the diminution of *protégés*, owing to their neglect to fulfil the required conditions, and any assistance which might be rendered to them by a visit of the consular authority would certainly not meet with official approval. The Jews are well aware of the dislike which is entertained by the British government of the obligations involved by the protectorate: indeed the latter do not suffer them to remain under any delusions on the subject, and our policy in this respect forms a curious contrast with that of France and Russia, both of which powers energetically espouse the cause of any one whom they can find a plausible pretext for protecting. Thus the French consular agent at Safed, who is at the same time the chief rabbi of the Sephardim, is so well backed that he enjoys more influence than any other. A discussion has lately arisen between the French and Turkish governments with respect to several Tunisian Jewish families who have come to Tiberias and Safed, the Turkish government claiming them as Ottoman subjects, and refusing to acknowledge the right of the French to protect them, under a treaty made with the bey of Tunis to which the Porte never consented. Indeed the energy displayed by France, in adopting as *protégés* all sects in Syria and Palestine, whether Christian, Jew, or Moslem, who are willing to come under her aegis, has recently induced the Samaritans to apply for the privilege, though I doubt whether it would have occurred to them to do so had the idea not been previously sug-

gested from a French source. In the same manner the Russian government manifests a wonderful solicitude about the despised Jew, when, having driven him into exile by persecution, it can make political capital out of him abroad. Thus at Safed a refugee Jew who had been burnt out of house and home in Russia, and compelled to fly across the frontier, found as he supposed a resting-place near Safed, where he was a member of a new agricultural colony. Unfortunately a Moslem youth who wanted to examine a revolver owned by the Jew, and which the latter refused to show him, was accidentally shot in the struggle for it. The Jew was accused of murder; indeed his life was barely saved from an infuriated Moslem mob. The case was gone into, and the circumstance proved to have been accidental, and a *procès verbal* to that effect registered. Still the man was detained in prison, notwithstanding a good deal of money spent in backsheesh to procure his release. The Russian government took up the cause, as he proved to have been under age at the time he went through the formality of adopting the Turkish nationality, and fought his battle with an earnestness which would have been more appropriate had he been a cherished member of the Muscovite aristocracy. Of course this astonished the Turkish government, which is at a loss to understand why France champions the cause of the identical priests she has driven into exile when they come to Syria; or why Russia becomes so tender-hearted and humane in Turkey, in regard to the Turkish race who seek a refuge there from the atrocities to which they have been subjected at home. When I was at Safed the Russian government had won the day in this particular instance, and the Jew was only detained in prison until enough blood-money had been paid to the deceased Moslem's relations, to secure him from their vengeance as soon as he should be set at liberty. It is also a significant fact that the Russian government has protested against the prohibition, on the part of the Turkish government, of emigrants landing in Palestine. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, in answer to a question by Sergeant Simon not long since, declared that our government had done the same; but it has met with the usual fate of British protests, so far as the Turkish government is concerned, and has been treated with the same contempt which has characterized the reception of our remonstrances in the case of reforms in Armenia. We have

been supposed, since the last Russian war, to exercise a treaty protectorate over Asia Minor under certain conditions — a privilege not accorded to any European power. Practically this responsibility has, in the case of England, been utterly ignored, and both France and Russia, without any such right, are incessantly attempting to enforce a similar privilege in regard to various classes of Ottoman subjects. There can be no doubt that the order issued by the Turkish government to the authorities in Syria, to prevent the landing of foreign subjects in Palestine should they be Jewish emigrants, is in direct defiance of their treaty obligations; but so great is the apathy of Europe, and especially of England, in the matter, that to this day the Porte is allowed to infringe this international obligation with no more serious results than empty protests. There are thousands of Jews at this moment, both in Russia and Roumania, who are living there under the most severe pressure for existence, and who are prevented by this illegal prohibition from seeking an asylum in the land of their forefathers, and neither the Jews nor the Christians of the West move a finger in their behalf. A society has indeed been started in America, which, it is hoped, may deal with this flagrant injustice; and the American government, by taking under their protection eastern European Jews desirous of emigrating to Palestine, might put Europe to shame, and confer a lasting favor on a large and oppressed class of humanity.

The importance politically to England of exercising a controlling influence in Palestine, has become more accentuated since the military occupation of Egypt, and its virtual government by Great Britain. The influence of Egypt on Palestine is very direct. The recollections still remain of its conquest and annexation by Mehemet Ali, engraven on the memory of the living generation, and of its government by Ibrahim Pasha. From time immemorial the varied conquests of Palestine by Egypt have illustrated the close political relations which must ever subsist between these two contiguous countries, separated only by the Suez Canal and a patch of desert — and no control of our communication with India is complete which does not embrace a Palestine as well as an Egyptian protectorate. The rebound of every political event which happens in Egypt is felt first in Palestine; and there can be no doubt that the defeat of the British arms at Tel-el Kebir would



have been immediately followed by a massacre of Christians, and especially of British subjects, in Palestine and Syria. The position and proceedings of England in Egypt are now narrowly watched here — the commonest fellah will enter upon a discussion on the subject; and the absolute neglect of our interests in this country, if it is allowed to continue, is telling on the country people, who contrast it with the activity of other powers, and cannot fail to involve consequences which may prove disastrous. It is not therefore as a matter of sentiment, but as a matter of interest, that the condition of the Jews in Palestine should occupy the attention of our government. They are the race in Palestine which of all others would most conveniently fall under our ægis. The French have the interests of the Catholic faith to furnish them with the necessary excuse for interfering with the internal administration of the country, and are active in increasing their protectorate responsibilities among other races and creeds. The Russians have the interests of the Greek Church to safeguard, and the four or five thousand Russian pilgrims who annually flock to Jerusalem, to supply them with a pretext for a similar intervention. We who are most deeply interested, and who enjoy by treaty certain protectorate rights, are under special responsibilities, dating from 1861, towards the Druses, and towards those Jews who came under our protection in 1854, besides incurring, owing to the abuses to which both Jews desiring to come to the country and those who are already in it are exposed, a moral obligation to interfere in behalf of the nation generally. There are now between forty and fifty thousand Jews in Palestine; and this number, in spite of the obstacles thrown in their way, is daily increasing. All things are pointing to a crisis in the destiny of the Ottoman Empire; and the geographical and political position of Palestine is such, that the fate of that province must present one of the first problems for solution. Now that nearly a fifth of its entire population is Jewish, it is too large a factor to be left out of account; and considering the peculiar conditions which attend their position in the country, the traditions which connect them with it from the earliest times, the aspirations they entertain with regard to it, the sentiment which prevails on the subject with a large class of people in England, and the vital importance it is to England that the destiny of the country should not be con-

trolled by any other European power — it is manifest that England could not find a leverage upon which to base her political action more powerful than that which is furnished by a Jewish immigration which should be facilitated by her protection, and by specially safeguarding the interests of the Hebrew population now in Palestine.

It was about the month of October last year, before the restrictions against Jewish immigration were severely enforced, that a party of colonists, consisting of twenty-three Roumanian and four Russian families, comprising in all about one hundred and forty souls, arrived at Safed with a view of establishing themselves in a colony in its neighborhood. Here, owing to the exertions of the Sephardim rabbi, who differs from the majority of his local co-religionists in the aid he is affording to the agricultural instincts of the Jews, about a thousand acres of land were bought under very favorable conditions at a Moslem village called Jauna, situated about three miles from Safed. I started early one morning to visit this colony, and as the colonists had received no notice of my intention, was glad of the opportunity thus afforded of taking them *à l'improviste*. The path wound round the summit of the hill to the north, beneath the ruined walls of the castle, and the view over the rich intervening vales of the mountains of Galilee, with Jebel Termuk, scarcely five miles distant, rising to a height of four thousand feet, was very grand. As we got round to the east of the castle we skirted a portion of the Moslem suburb of which the youth to whom I have already alluded as having been accidentally shot, was a native. The feeling on the subject was still so strong, that some of the Jews who were accompanying me were pelted with stones as we rode through. A portion of the Moslem population of Safed are Algerians, who followed the late Abd-el-Kader into exile; but I am not aware whether the young man in question belonged to this community.

Leaving this hostile neighborhood, our path lay over the grassy, breezy shoulder of the mountain, the air of which was so pure and bracing that one could scarcely realize the near proximity of the odoriferous pig-stye from which we had escaped. It is no wonder that when cholera visits these parts, it should find its stronghold at Safed. There is no town in Palestine more healthily situated, or more adapted to be a cool and pleasant summer resort,



were it only kept in a decent condition of cleanliness. The Jews say that the government authorities take no steps in the matter; but they probably would not prevent the inhabitants undertaking this duty for themselves, and sanitary considerations render it urgently necessary that something should be done to improve the salubrity of the place. There are nearly always cases of fever lurking in its slums; and were it not for the extraordinary natural advantages of its position, it would be a hotbed of typhus.

From the highest point of the great basalt plateau on which we now stood, we looked north-west over a range of country more highly cultivated than is to be found anywhere else in all Palestine. This central part of Galilee combines more advantages for settlement than can probably be found elsewhere. It enjoys a delightful climate—the elevation above the sea varying from two thousand to twenty-five hundred feet,—a most fertile soil, with plenty of water, and perfect security from Arab incursion. The result is, that it is comparatively well populated, and the land, for any colonies which might be established here, would have to be purchased from the natives. Nowhere else have I seen so many flourishing villages, each surrounded with immense groves of olives, and expanses of yellow waving grain. There are carefully tended gardens of fruit trees; the vineyards are well looked after, and produce the largest grapes in the country; and good crops are obtained almost everywhere. This prosperous portion extends over the whole central plateau on both sides of the watershed. Among the villages over which I was now looking are some interesting historical sites,—notably Kades, the site of Kadesh Naphthali or Kadesh in Galilee, a city of refuge, and where there are some extensive and interesting ruins, which have been elaborately examined and reported upon by the Palestine Exploration Fund Survey; El Jish, the Giscala of Josephus; Keir Birim, where some of the finest remains of purely Jewish architecture in Palestine are to be found; and Meiron, which I shall describe in my next letter, as it was to be my next stopping-place. In half an hour we found ourselves commencing a descent so steep, that it was more comfortable to dismount and scramble on foot down the mountain gorge that leads to Jauna. A magnificent view now suddenly opened upon us in exactly the opposite direction from that in which we had just been looking. The

valley, or rather the plain, of the Jordan, from the Lake Huleh or the waters of Merom on the one side to the Lake of Tiberias on the other, lay stretched at our feet nearly three thousand feet below us, with the mountains of Jaulan attaining an elevation even higher than those on which we stood bounding the view eastward, and Hermon towering away to the north. Here we looked over a fine tract of rich land at present lying undeveloped, but which is capable of being made immensely productive. This is the plain of El Keit, which is about six miles long by four miles wide, and is watered by the Wady Hindaz and the Wady Wakkas,—streams which run into the Huleh, on the south-western margin of which lake the plain is situated. It is a few feet below the sea-level, and the climate in summer is therefore oppressive, while it is liable to incursions from the Arabs, who use it as their camping-grounds now. After descending about eight hundred feet we came upon a splendid spring, which gushed from the rock and flowed in a fine stream down the valley, fertilizing the highest gardens of the village of Jauna, which we were now approaching. This fine source, which is perennial, belongs to the new Jewish colony. Turning the corner as the gorge opened, I suddenly came upon some twenty men and women, all Jews, hard at work hoeing in their potato patches. This was a sight at once novel and encouraging; and as nearly all the population seemed out in the fields, I had to wait a short time for them to come from their several occupations. Then, under the guidance of the managing committee, who had in the course of six months' field work developed into bronzed, horny-fisted farmers, I entered the principal house of a neat little row of sixteen, and discussed their immediate necessities and future prospects. In doing this, I was sorry to find that the Roumanian and Russian Jews would have to be considered in separate categories. This arises from the difficulty of establishing a thorough harmony among Jewish colonists who come from different localities, and much more from different countries. From my experience so far of agricultural experiments of this kind, I feel convinced that the obstacles to success will not be found to lie in the incapacity of the Jew for agriculture, so much as in the jealousies and rivalries which exist between them, and in the tendency which they manifest to intrigue against each other, and to rebel against the imposition of

rules and regulations by which all should be equally bound. There are, moreover, often strong divergences of opinion among them on theological subjects, all which renders it very difficult to combine them for united action of any kind, or to use any of them for positions of responsibility or authority. In fact, these Russian and Roumanian Jews, who have suddenly escaped from the house of bondage, are like untrained children who have fled from prison, and who now, without any experience or knowledge of the world, or habits of self-restraint, find themselves free to follow their own devices, and to obey the first impulses which may act upon their ill-regulated natures. We have only to consider the conditions of their existence in Russia and Roumania, to see how impossible it is for them to enter upon communal life as farmers without some assistance from abroad, and some strong hand to guide, restrain, and, if need be, to coerce. Their faults are not so much inherent defects of character as the result of circumstances, and there can be no doubt that, with firm and judicious treatment, what appear to be their natural tendencies could be modified for the better. That these are not national characteristics, is evident from the fact that a Russian Jew differs as much from an English one as a Russian does from an Englishman. In the case of the Jauna colony, twenty-three families had come from one place in Roumania, and were living together in tolerable harmony: they were in far better circumstances than the Russians, and were in communication with a local committee, from whom they derived some little support. The Russians, on the other hand, had not been so well off at first, and had suffered pecuniarily from the unfortunate accident to which I have already referred. Of the Roumanians, two-thirds had already built, or were building, their houses; but the Russians were still without shelter, and were living at Safed. As they had both land and cattle, they were conducting their farming operations from there. I went into each of the sixteen houses already built: they consisted generally of two rooms, in one of which there was nearly always an oven for baking bread, besides other cooking apparatus. They were kept remarkably clean, and the whole row commanded the view over the Jordan plain I have already described. As yet no farm buildings had been put up, and it will probably be found that for all to live in a single street will be attended with incon-

veniences when the question of barns and outhouses has to be considered. So far, they have manifested an energy and perseverance which is in the highest degree praiseworthy; and they seemed to take a real delight in the consciousness of the fact that they had become landowners, and declared that they much preferred the open-air life and the manual labor in which they were engaged, to the Ghetto life they had left. One of the houses was set apart for sacred purposes, in which two men were engaged in their devotions when I entered it.

The remainder of the village of Jauna, which has not been purchased by the Jews, is owned by about twenty Moslem families, who have so far maintained the best possible relations with the newcomers, offering them assistance and advice, and seeming well pleased to have them among them. Their houses are immediately contiguous to the new row which has just been built. Besides about a thousand acres of arable land, the colonists have some fruit and vegetable gardens in the gorge, watered by the little stream that gushes from the spring above. Jauna does not seem to have been identified as a Biblical site; but some broken pillars, and a capital with ordinary mouldings, indicate that it was the position of some Roman city of greater or less importance. The Jewish colonists have given it the name of Rasch Pina, meaning "the head of the corner." At least such is the translation of the Hebrew word in the verse in which it occurs: "The stone which the builders rejected, the same has become the head of the corner." By means of a fund supplied to me by the charity of benevolent persons in England, who take an interest in promoting the welfare of the Jews in Palestine, by assisting them in their agricultural efforts, I was able to afford this interesting colony some support; and I have heard since my visit that they are likely to be encouraged in their efforts by the Alliance Israélite of Paris—a body which has hitherto persistently set its face against Jewish colonization in Palestine.

Colonies in this country need protection against unjust taxation and official oppression after they are prosperous, even more than pecuniary assistance in the first instance: and if, through the medium of the Alliance, the French government extends its ægis over Jewish colonies in Palestine, as well as over the Latin holy places and monasteries in that country, and the various heretical sects who have

applied for it, a convenient excuse will be afforded for promoting its political influence. Considering the more important interests which Great Britain has in the destiny of the country, this is a duty which I should have rather seen undertaken by the Anglo-Jewish Association of England. A part of the land now cultivated by the colonists of Jauna was once farmed by some of the Jewish families of Safed, who would have done pretty well here had they not been unjustly overtaxed, and who expressed to me their great regret that farming operations, which some of them professed to understand thoroughly, and to like as an occupation, were attended with so much risk of extortion on the part of the government officials, that they had been compelled to abandon them. Still one of them showed me a very good garden at Jauna that he still possessed, and where he has determined to return and establish himself. I was assured that there were altogether two hundred Jewish families who were acquainted with agriculture, and desirous of earning their livelihood by the sweat of their brow. They needed, first, capital, and secondly, protection; and besides this, I was informed that over a hundred Jews in the place worked for hire on farms belonging to Moslems and Christians. If this be so—and one of the chief rabbis was my authority—it goes far to disprove the oft-made assertion, that the Jew will always refuse to work on the soil. The fact is, that the Jew is in every country what circumstances make him. In the mountains of Mesopotamia he is a shepherd; in the deserts of Yemen he is a nomad, living in tents with flocks and herds; in western Europe the richer classes engage in the ordinary pursuits and occupations of civilized life; while the poorer, who have never had a chance of becoming rural peasantry in any country, and have in many cases been prohibited from holding land, have been driven to petty commerce, money-lending, and peddling. It has yet to be proved that if the Jew is placed on the soil which was tilled by his ancestors, he has become inherently disqualified to enter, by his own exertions, once more into the ownership of it, or that he prefers carrying a pedlar's pack to following a plough.

So far from such being the case, my observation has led me to arrive at an opposite conclusion. At the same time, I am ready to admit that attempts at colonization in this country can only be attended with success if they are under-

taken under certain conditions; and that in considering what these are, the peculiar characteristics of the Eastern Jew must be taken into account, as well as the varied obstacles with which he has to contend, in undertaking, in a country where all the surroundings are new to him, a pursuit of which he has had no experience, and which he can only prosecute under the disadvantage of a government which places every conceivable obstacle in his way, and of officials who lose no opportunity of robbing him. Left absolutely to himself, then, with his limited pecuniary resources, and with no foreign protection to rely upon, or strong hand to guide and sustain him, it is quite probable that he may fail to establish himself so securely on the soil of his fathers as to pave the way for the restoration upon it of a Jewish peasantry; but this consummation is both feasible and practicable, if it is really desired either by the Jews or the Christians of the West, and if they are prepared to make the very small sacrifice of money and of time and of influence which it would involve.

Meanwhile the fact that certain colonies have been established already with more or less success in Palestine, has kept up the desire of the Jews, especially in Roumania, to emigrate to this country, and they continue to dribble in, in spite of the government prohibition. Scarcely a week passes without some fresh arrivals; but the fact that they come in twos and threes, unsupported by any organization in their own country, and almost destitute of funds, renders it hopeless to establish them on land without assistance. They all have the same story to tell. Life has become impossible in Roumania—they are willing to do work of any description for their daily bread; they generally profess to be agriculturists, but probably in most cases are not, and unless something is done for them, I see no other future for them and their wives and little ones but death by starvation—or at best a life of mendicancy at Jerusalem or Safed, if they can procure for themselves a share of the Haluka. Sooner or later the question of their relief will force itself upon public notice,—a question which might have taken a very different shape had the facts of the case been better understood from the first, the necessity of providing for them recognized, and had an organization been formed in England either by Christians, Jews, or both, which should have included Palestine in its scheme of operations. The word was introduced by

the Mansion House Committee in its programme, it is difficult to say exactly with what object — but it is certain that any contributors who were under the impression that any large amount of its funds would be applied towards establishing Russian Jews in this country have been disappointed. It must be admitted, however, that the founding of colonies either here or in America did not enter directly into the scope of the committee's operations. What is needed in England is the formation of a society for protecting the Jews of eastern Europe generally, which should protest against illegal action on the part of the Turkish government, which should insist in behalf of foreign Jews, no matter of what nationality, upon their legal right to purchase land in any part of Turkey in which they desire to settle without necessarily becoming Turkish subjects, which should aid them in doing so by pecuniary advances upon terms offering the necessary guarantees, and which should protect them by its influence against oppression or extortion. Such a society would have power to control the emigration within proper limits, to choose the most desirable families, to select the most available land, and to insist upon such provisions being complied with by the emigrants as might best ensure success, and avert the calamities which an unlimited and unprotected pauper emigration is certain to involve. Sooner or later the force of events will render such an organization necessary; the only effect of delay will be, that an immense amount of unnecessary misery will have to be endured, and an increasing number of obstacles will have to be encountered.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
MADAME D'ARBLAY.

WITHIN the last year or two Madame d'Arblay's novels have been republished with an appreciative introduction, and modern readers may discover for themselves whether they can understand the raptures with which the author was welcomed into the literary world. The last edition of "Cecilia" is separated by just a century from the first; and some critics have asserted survival for that period is the true test of an author's title to be a classic. How far Madame d'Arblay deserves that name is problematical. Even her most zealous admirers, however, will

scarcely venture to place her in the first class. Her reputation is not as the reputation of Miss Austen. We may dissent from the orthodox view without suffering excommunication. If we do not read "Evelina" simply from a sense of duty we require the stimulus of curiosity. We seek in her pages for illustrations of the manners and customs of the times or of the development of a literary fashion. We do not become so deeply absorbed in the books themselves as to forget for the time all extrinsic interests. No book can be said to be thoroughly alive which is not capable of blinding us for the time to everything outside its own pages. It must be whilst we read our whole world — the sole reality, which makes all outside tangible things mere transitory phantoms. When reading Miss Austen, we can believe in Emma Woodhouse, and consider the young ladies of our own families as characters in fiction. But no such illusion, no inversion, however temporary, of the worlds of fact and fancy is possible to the student of "Evelina" and "Cecilia." The "genial" critic, indeed, still simulates enthusiasm and calls everybody a dullard who dares to dissent. Let us hope that he believes in his own utterance, and take courage to admit that we would rather read one volume of "Cecilia" than five. And when once we admit that the novels are most interesting chiefly from the historical point of view, it becomes a question whether genuine history is not preferable.

The "Diaries" and "Memoirs of Dr. Burney" are fully as lively as the novels; and we prefer portraits of Boswell and George III. to Lord Orville and Mr. Delville, who are less interesting in themselves and whose adventures are not very thrilling. Miss Burney, however, is worth a study in more ways than one. We can see many interesting people through her eyes, and her novels mark at least an important transition in the art. Her personal story is sufficiently familiar from Macaulay's essay; and, whatever be Macaulay's shortcomings, we always have the advantage, in following him, of knowing that a firm and distinct outline of fact has been vigorously put down in unmistakable black and white on his readers' memories. Macaulay's article, indeed, was obviously prompted by something besides simple zeal for Madame d'Arblay. He was delivering a damaging blow at his old enemy Croker; and it is worth while to look back at the articles which gave the offence. Poor Madame d'Arblay under-

took in her old age to publish three volumes of memoirs of her father, Dr. Burney. She was eighty in the year (1832) of their publication. To most people it would seem that, if her dates were rather vague, and that, if her own figure appeared rather prominently in the foreground of her own recollections, the weakness was natural and pardonable enough. Croker, however, fell upon her in one of those fine slashing articles which are happily less common than of old; he hit upon an expedient well adapted to give pain to his victim.

It had been reported — where or when it does not appear (probably from a hasty identification of the author with her heroine) — that "Evelina" was written at the surprisingly early age of seventeen. Madame d'Arblay did not say so herself; but neither did she deny it. Still the vagueness of her dates might seem to give some color to the statement, supposing it to have been made; and undoubtedly she does lay a good deal of stress upon her youthfulness at the time of composition. Accordingly Croker, so it is said, put himself into a post-chaise and went all the way to Lynn to examine the parish registers. He discovered, to his unspeakable triumph, that Frances Burney had been christened in 1752. Beyond all doubt, then, she was twenty-five when "Evelina" actually appeared at the beginning of 1778. He came back overflowing with virtuous complacency. He felt as one who had unmasked a wicked impostor. He was not the man to bring out this great discovery incidentally or modestly, or to spare the feelings of an old woman whose guilt he had laid bare. He wrote an article in which the criticism of the book is merely by the way, and the whole pith and point of which is this mighty revelation. A hint of it is given in the opening pages; but it is not yet to be set forth. It must be duly emphasized with a sufficient blast upon the critical trumpet. We have to look at Madame d'Arblay's vanity from different points of view to prepare us for believing in her atrocity. It must be shown that the success of "Evelina" was due chiefly or exclusively to the belief in the youthfulness of the author; and then, when all is ripe, this crushing disclosure is brought forth as the counsel for the prosecution of a criminal produces the clenching and damning bit of evidence which is to make defence impossible.

When, some years later, the posthumous diaries were published, Croker

returned to the charge, and once more exulted in his discovery. Certainly one can understand Macaulay's desire to retaliate; though his angry retort — namely, that Croker was a bad writer, whose spite Madame d'Arblay "had provoked by not furnishing him with materials for a worthless edition of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' some sheets of which our readers have doubtless seen round parcels of better books" — strikes one as being slightly irrelevant. Croker's mighty discovery might have been met by quiet contempt. Miss Burney, as her diary shows, did in fact get a good deal of credit for her youthfulness. Mrs. Thrale, talking to Johnson, quoted the precedent of Pope's "Windsor Forest,"\* which is rather oddly ambiguous; for Pope published this poem at twenty-five, but claimed to have written the chief part of it at sixteen. Mrs. Thrale would probably have this claim in her mind when referring to the poem as a precedent of precocity; but it is also certain that she knew her young friend to be over twenty in 1779; and, indeed, could hardly be so far wrong as to suppose her to be anything like seventeen at the time of publication.

Madame d'Arblay's own account is that she burnt all her childish manuscripts on her fifteenth birthday, and continued in her head one of the destroyed stories which ultimately became "Evelina." The composition is thus extended over a very indefinite period, the final redaction taking place some time before the actual publication in her twenty-sixth year. That her friends and she herself should be rather inaccurate is natural enough; and if in her old age she inclined to favor the more flattering hypothesis, nobody but the bloodthirsty reviewers of her period would have cared to dwell upon such a trifle.

The error would tend to prove, indeed, that Madame d'Arblay had a certain share of vanity. Nobody who reads her books can have very much doubt upon that point. She was most unmistakably vain; but her vanity need hardly offend the most morose of critics. It is the vanity which goes with good-nature, and implies a sort of touching confidence in her readers. How could she be otherwise than vain? No young author was ever exposed to a more intoxicating chorus of admiration. Richardson's great success was not achieved till he was past middle life; Sterne pub-

\* It is fully discussed by her last editor; who is not perfectly fair, however, in considering the reference to "Windsor Forest."



lished the first volumes of "Tristram Shandy" at the ripe age of forty-five; Scott was well past thirty when he published "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and past forty when he published "Waverley." To find any instance of a sudden youthful popularity equal to hers we must go back to Pope, or onwards to Byron or Dickens. Now, with the exception of Scott, none of these famous authors have escaped the charge of excessive vanity; and more than one of them showed unmistakable signs of moral deterioration of a more serious kind.

If Fanny Burney's celebrity was not quite so wide as in their case, the want of quantity was amply made up by the quality. She seems to have been still treated as a girl up to the time of her celebrity. Her father, who was strikingly like herself—an excitable, vivacious, sociable, impulsive creature—had been for years popular in London society. He knew all the wits, and was petted in the great houses. "To enumerate the friends and acquaintance with whom he associated in the world at large," says his daughter, "would be nearly to ransack the Court Calendar, the list of the Royal Society, of the Literary Club, of all assemblages of eminent artists; and almost every other list that includes the celebrated or active characters then moving, like himself, in the vortex of public existence." But Fanny had scarcely emerged from the nursery; she had been left to pick up her education for herself; her proposal to publish a novel had been treated as a schoolgirl's joke; she had ventured only to the extreme edge of the "vortex;" she had seen Garrick when he came to play with the children; gone on a visit with her father to the opera, or taken a back seat at the concerts which he sometimes gave in his own house. She had looked on in reverent awe when for the first time the gigantic Johnson rolled himself into their drawing-room, and twitched and twirled and fell into brown studies, and bestowed a huge smack upon her elder sister, and scandalized the musical circle by asking whether Bach was a piper. Suddenly she became the centre of all admirers. Johnson did her homage after his elephantine fashion, compared her advantageously to Richardson and Fielding, quoted his favorite passages, and actually mimicked the characters; Reynolds forgot his dinner, and had to be fed whilst reading; Burke sat up over it all night; Sheridan offered to take a comedy from her pen without even reading it—a

proposal as characteristic, perhaps, of Sheridan's carelessness as of his admiration; "all the Streathamites" emulated each other in compliment; and the magnificent Mrs. Montagu condescended to bestow some notice upon this new ornament of her sex. If she danced round the mulberry-tree in Mr. Crisp's garden upon hearing such news, and kept a diary to record the multitudinous fine things that were pouring in upon her from all the recognized literary authorities of the day, it is certainly not surprising.

Clearly a young lady who could have kept her head under such a welcome from men to whom she had hitherto looked up from an indefinite distance as the intellectual sovereigns of her world would have been more than human. But this does not by any means prove that her head was not turned; only that the turning implied no inordinate vanity as a previous condition. It is, in fact, evident enough that Miss Fanny did begin to think herself a very wonderful person indeed. She collected all the sugarplums for the benefit of her family, and of good Mr. Crisp, the amiable misanthropist, who was as much a father to her as Dr. Burney. We can doubtless count upon our innermost circle for honoring certain drafts upon their admiration which seem rather extravagant when presented to the outside world; and yet that innermost circle has its terrors for a modest person. Miss Austen, one fancies, with her keen eyes for humbugs of various kinds, would have made certain deductions from such flatteries, had she been unlucky enough to receive them, and even when passing them on to her sister or her brothers, have allowed a sub-sarcastic smile to appear upon her face. Some little reservation, some admittance of the possibility that praise may be not entirely sincere, is necessary—much as most of us enjoy flattery—before we can make up our minds to relish its sweetness, even when we are passing it on to our second selves. We wish, it may be, to propitiate the jealous gods who punish excessive complacency, and to take some precautions for breaking our fall in case the shrine upon which we are elevated should not be composed of thoroughly sound materials. But Miss Burney shows no signs of misgiving. She swallows the flattery whole. Page after page of the diary is full of conversations, in which all the brilliant wits and intellectual ladies are constantly circling round "Evelina;" resort to it for telling illustrations; ridicule any luckless

wight who does not immediately take an allusion to the Branghtons or Madame Duval; unite to make him ashamed of his ignorance; take Miss Burney aside to pour out the fulness of their hearts; or carry on little discussions in her presence as to their favorite passages. In her old age Madame d'Arblay had developed the peculiar style which alone could do justice to the subject. "The climax of her glory was reached," she says, "when Johnson and Burke vied in praising 'Cecilia,' each animated by the spirit of the other in the noblest terms that our language, in its highest glory, is capable of emitting." . . . "Thus, radiant with a warmth which Sol in his summer's glory could not deepen," she says, "had gone on the winter to 1783, through the glowing suffrage of the two first luminaries that brightened the constellation of genius of the reign of George III.—Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke."

Miss Burney, however, had not adopted this strain of eloquence at the time. Her diaries explain the process by which her style was being spoilt, but are not themselves the worse for it. In the early volumes we have a vivid portrait of the society in which Boswell has made us at home as Boswell would himself have given. We can hardly admit that she makes Johnson himself better known to us; though Miss Burney must have been a very inferior artist had she not caught a telling likeness of his features. But the little pictures of Streatham society, of shrewd, social Mrs. Thrale in particular, worthily fill up gaps in Boswell's description; and such glimpses as that of the society at Brighton, with the quaint, blustering, gallant old Irish dandy, Mr. B—y, are at least as spirited as anything in "Evelina." Unfortunately, we can trace the approach of the catastrophe which was to ruin the author. Nobody who made so brilliant a start has ever ended in so lamentable a failure.

"Evelina," whatever its shortcomings, when put beside the best work in its class, can at least be read with an understanding of its astonishing success. It would be a mistake to say that "Cecilia" succeeded because it was by the author of "Evelina;" for it contains, especially in the earlier part, a great deal of writing which is equal to "Evelina" in style and spirit, and the story is far more carefully worked out. But it is also true that a great deal of "Cecilia" is now intolerable; the style at once slipshod and pompous, and the sentiment absurd. Her later writings

were a tragedy which failed and was never printed; the "Camilla" which some people are believed to have read, and report as full of extravagant sentimentalism, and "The Wanderer," of which there is not even a tradition that anybody ever got beyond the first pages. Many people have failed to follow up a first success; but so complete a decline, so sheer and hopeless a fall from the heights of popularity to utter unreadability is scarcely to be paralleled. The failure does not appear to have been due to any want of care.

"The Wanderer," according to Madame d'Arblay, was the result of ten years' labor, and "Camilla" seems to have been elaborated as carefully as "Cecilia." We might, if we pleased, attribute it to the miserable years passed in her splendid house of bondage. Undoubtedly one can hardly imagine a more unfavorable condition for the development of her powers. She had quite sufficient acuteness to see the ludicrous side of her position. She reads a description of herself in a French newspaper, where she is said to be "a person whose most extraordinary literary talents had so fascinated *sa Majesté la Reine de la Grande Bretagne* that she had appointed her *surintendante* of all her wardrobe." "It really," says Miss Burney, "read so Irish a compensation stated in that manner that I could scarce read it with gravity;" and yet the statement was substantially accurate. Miss Burney was rewarded for "Evelina" and "Cecilia" by the place of lady's maid to the queen.

Her duties were attending her mistress's toilette, and her pleasures the society of an illiterate and preposterous old German lady, representing her own Madame Duval so absurdly that, but for the dates, one might have supposed an intended portrait, and of half-a-dozen equestrian and other sublime domestics. Others besides Croker have condemned poor Miss Burney for her lamentations. She ought, it is said, to have known perfectly well what to expect. Her duties were clearly explained to her; and she was past thirty when she went into service with her eyes open. She grumbled, it is said, because she did not receive the admiration for which she thirsted. She expected to be surrounded by adorers, and unluckily most of the gentlemen whom she saw were already married, and the one equestrian called "Fairly" in the diary and really a certain Colonel Digby — with whom she got up a kind of flirtation failed her cruelly. He was a widower, and used to

come and pour his sorrows into her willing ears; and find opportunities to enlarge upon the consolations of religion, and to read Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination," and other substitutes for Tennyson and Browning current in those days. Unfortunately he consoled himself more effectually, to her evident vexation, by marrying another lady (called "Fuzilier" in the diary), and after that time poor Miss Burney broke down completely, and had no resource against the scoldings and petty tyrannies of the Schwellenberg. If, as certainly seems probable, Miss Burney had a little tenderness for Colonel Digby, and was bitterly depressed by the end of her flirtation, she may perhaps be thought to deserve rather compassion than condemnation. Most readers, in fact, will sympathize unreservedly with Macaulay's indignant denunciation of the selfishness of the "sweet queen" who allowed a woman of education and genius to wear herself out in menial duties, and still more in condemning the easy-going father, who evidently thought that a daughter at the palace might do him some useful offices, and who, even when he saw her health breaking down and her spirits destroyed, could hardly be persuaded by the indignant remonstrances of Burke and Windham and Boswell and the whole Literary Club to allow of her resignation.

It is, however, not quite so easy to judge of Miss Burney herself. Are we to regard her worship of the royal family as a beautiful example of old-fashioned loyalty lingering into uncongenial times, or as marking the period at which loyalty was transforming itself too easily into contemptible flunkeyism? Perhaps the line was never quite so easily drawn as we fancy. The grand old cavalier who gave his life in the loftiest spirit of unselfish devotion might be more easily corruptible than we could wish in the unwholesome atmosphere of Whitehall. Miss Burney, we fancy, was not altogether as clear-headed in this matter as she might have been. She could see the foibles of her royal master as clearly as anybody. The diary gives us a portrait of George II. which exactly falls in with the wicked fun of Peter Pindar or of the Probationary Odes (in the "Rolliad"). "Methinks I hear," says one of those bards—

Methinks I hear,  
In accents clear,

Great Brunswick's voice still vibrate on my ear:

"What? what? what?"

Scott! Scott! Scott!

Hot! hot! hot!

What? what? what?"

O fancy quick! O judgment true!

O sacred oracle of regal taste!

So hasty and so generous too!

Not one of all thy questions will an answer wait!

So, on her first interview with the king, the great man cross-examined her about "Evelina:"—

"But what? what?—how was it?"

"Sir," cried I, not well understanding him.

"How came you—how happened it—

what?—what?" "I—I only wrote, sir,

for my own amusement—only at some

odd idle hours. That was only, sir, only

because——" I hesitated most abomi-

nably, not knowing how to tell him a long

story, confused at these questions; be-

sides, to say the truth, his own "What?

what?" so reminded me of those vile Pro-

bationary Odes, that, in the midst of all

my flutter, I was really hardly able to

keep my countenance." She was obvi-

ously in a false position; the poor little

satirist, brought face to face with her idol,

and unable to dull her own perceptions, is

throughout like a worshipper seized with

a sense of the ludicrous in church. She

had indeed to go through some genuine

tragedy, when the poor king went out of

his mind; but all through her story we

see the keen-eyed observer painfully

united in a single person with the would-

be abject adorer. To be brought into the

very innermost shrine, and see the object

of your aspiration a kindly, commonplace,

and thoroughly stupid old gentleman—to

be forced into the proverbial position of

valet to a hero, is clearly a most uncom-

fortable state of things. On the whole,

we must say that in this struggle between

the two selves, the abject worshipper

rather gets the best of it. Miss Burney

contrived to make Madame Schwellen-

berg the scapegoat for all the satirical im-

pulses generated by her position. The

king and queen can never do wrong; they

are always excusable for overlooking the

sufferings of their dependent; they can-

not be expected to manifest a considera-

tion to which they were never educated;

if they show a touch of human feeling, play

with their little child, or say a civil thing

to an inferior, it is a proof of their angelic

condescension; if a young prince drinks

too much and forces others to drink, it is

delightful affability; and if some consti-

tutional question has to be decided about

their dignity, the fate of Europe hangs

trembling in the balance. Even Macau-

lay is rather indignant when Miss Burney

attends the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and presumes to be cold to her father's warm friend, Burke, for taking the wrong side. We have often wished, it may be said, in passing, that some keen satirist would show us the reverse side of that great scene in Westminster Hall, described in a famous "purple patch" in Macaulay's essay on Warren Hastings. We should like to know, for example, how many of the actors in all that splendid assemblage were better qualified to have any opinion in the matter than Miss Burney herself. Magnificent as the spectacle may have been, was it not in substance a solemn dramatic enthronement of utter ignorance, hopeless prejudice, or bigoted self-interest upon matters which were entirely beyond the sphere of knowledge of the performers? As for Miss Burney, it was of course enough for her that the court was supposed to be on the other side. She knew, as well as anybody knows now, that George III. was not a Solomon. But her instincts of loyalty or servility told her that whatever cause he approved must be the cause of justice and virtue; and how many people have better reasons for their judgments in our enlightened period? When this or that young lady sympathized with Napoleon III., or Garibaldi, or Abraham Lincoln, or Jefferson Davis, and felt indignant with Mill or Carlyle for taking the opposite side, were they more or less foolish? In any case, would they deserve any solemn oburgation for their rash little outbursts of enthusiasm? Miss Burney no doubt took up all the prejudices of the atmosphere in which she lived; not the less keenly because she felt it to be unwholesome in some ways for herself, and could even see very clearly the weak side of the sacred personages whom it surrounded. In those early days of the French Revolution, such an indiscriminating enthusiasm was too natural to justify any severe judgment. We need only say that she was an impetuous little loyalist, and loathed everything connected, however remotely, with Robespierre and Tom Paine. Probably her descendants are not much profounder.

And yet, it must be added that we cannot altogether admire her sentiments. She crouches rather too exuberantly before her royal mistress. Her father gets most of the blame for not removing her from her bondage. Perhaps he deserves it. But, to say the truth, they seem to have been uncommonly alike in temperament. They had an amazing supply of

fine sentiment always on hand, which somehow does not impress upon one a conviction of its reality. They meet with ecstasy and correspond with effusion; but they seem to part with perfect ease and go their own separate ways. The father lets his daughter pick up an education anyhow; cares nothing about her book till it succeeds; leaves her in the palace till everybody but himself sees that she is seriously weakened; disapproves of her marriage to a ruined French emigrant, and is reconciled just as easily when he can't help it; and never interferes with her conduct except to prevent her producing a play, when he anticipates a ludicrous failure. They keep up all the language of the most affectionate father and daughter; but, what with his musical parties and his social engagements, and the claims of other members of his family, they seem to have lived perfectly independent lives. She stays with her second "daddy," Mr. Crisp, or with Mrs. Thrale, or Mrs. Delany, or whoever it might be, and remembers at intervals that she is the most affectionate of daughters, and writes a letter in character. He remembers her when it strikes him that her talents or reputation may be useful to him, and poses with perfect complacency as the affectionate parent, though the most selfish could not have behaved worse. The conversation in which, after seeing next to nothing of him for four years, she has a long talk with her "dearest father" is a charming specimen of their relations. He is full of gaiety, but complains that some distinguished foreigners have attacked him for not introducing them to his daughter. His excuses brought out, to their astonishment, the fact that she had no holidays. He apparently then began to think himself that in fact it was rather odd. Poor Miss Burney hereupon breaks out as to all her miseries; and he nobly says, after a struggle, that if she is forced to resign, he will—receive her in his house. "The emotion of my whole heart at this speech—this sweet, this generous speech—oh, my dear friends, I need not say it." It was, she declares, her "guardian angel, it was providence in its own benignity, that inspired him with such goodness!"

The noble being having actually consented to receive his own daughter, if her health made it absolutely necessary, she succeeded in little more than a year in bringing him up to the mark of definitely approving her resignation; and, on regaining her freedom, seems to have taken

up her abode with her married sisters and other friends. If we are left to wonder whether Miss Burney's loyalty was such as entirely to blind her, we are constrained to ask whether her filial affection was equally powerful. Dr. Burney in her memoirs, is never mentioned without superlatives of the most glowing panegyric; but somehow the impression is conveyed that he was a proficient in that valuable art of life which enables a man to get all possible comforts out of his domestic relations, and to take the responsibilities with marvellous light-heartedness. Nobody could be a pleasanter companion; and the flow of affectionate sentiment broke out again at any moment, just as freely after interruptions borne without a sign of discontent. The daughter appears to have been perfectly satisfied, and to have gone her own way with equal complacency.

In short, we can partly understand the view which some of her contemporaries seem to have taken, that she was an accomplished little flatterer, who could make herself charming by an exuberant display of enthusiasm, not very serious or very deeply rooted. To make such a judgment at all fair, we should doubtless have to add that she was a good wife and mother, and of a really kindly though sufficiently vain nature, who was quite as much the dupe of her own fine sentiments as anybody else, and probably the last to see through them. If this should seem a little harsh, we must notice that it is the only explanation of her literary deterioration. Macaulay, who dwells rather solemnly upon the defects of her later style, seems to ascribe her weakness to an imitation of Johnson. He thinks that Johnson actually assisted her in "Cecilia;" though he must surely have overlooked the passage in the diary (November 11, 1782) in which Johnson expressly denies that he had seen one word of the book before it was printed. The resemblance is easily explicable by an imitation of the standard authority of the time. Her latest editor accounts for her degeneracy by saying that her English was not based upon Latin. To us it seems quite as likely that Latin studies would have corrupted her early style as that they would have preserved its purity. In any case, the bad style is surely a symptom of something more serious than this. The memoirs of Dr. Burney are written in a marvellous mixture of stilted and pure English — the latter being chiefly the reproduction of early letters and diaries — which Macau-

lay gravely denounces, but which we are rather inclined to call delicious. One phrase may be given as a sufficient illustration: "If beneficence be judged by the happiness which it diffuses, whose claim, by that proof, shall stand higher than that of Mrs. Montagu, from the munificence with which she celebrated her annual festival for those hapless artificers who perform the most abject offices of any authorized calling, in being the active guardians of our blazing hearths?" This is translated in a footnote: "Every May-day Mrs. Montagu gave an annual breakfast, in front of her new mansion, of roast beef and plum pudding to all the chimney-sweepers of the metropolis." We may surely read the verbiage of the text in the spirit in which we study that remarkable work "English as She is Spoke," and put off for the moment our judicial robes. Three volumes of such magniloquence are, it is true, a rather large allowance; but, as they are mixed with a good deal of lively writing of the old kind, they are really — in a slightly equivocal sense — worth the reading.

It is certainly rather melancholy that the author of "Evelina" should be said to be the author of such twaddle as fills many pages of the memoirs. But we can now see clearly enough the ominous signs which might have revealed themselves to a judicious adviser. The charm of "Evelina" is, in one sense, what Croker took it to be. Readers, indeed, were not delighted with an otherwise inferior book because they supposed it to be written by a girl of seventeen. Such a belief counts for very little in the success of any performance; a novel, otherwise dull, would not be long read even if we knew it to have been written by a child of seven; and, moreover, the book had achieved success before the authorship had ceased to be a secret. It was the youthfulness of the book, not the youthfulness of the author, which constituted the charm. It professed to give the impressions of a "young female, educated in the most secluded retirement," who "makes, at the age of seventeen, her first appearance upon the great and busy stage of life." The freshness, the *naïveté* and sincerity of the impressions is preserved, though the author was just old enough to give them literary form, and to be capable of interpreting the feelings from the vantage-ground of the next stage in life. She was, like some greater artists, summing up an experience still vivid in recollection, though not actually present. In doing this, she had



unconsciously made a great literary discovery. It had been known from an early period that young ladies could be very charming; and that fact had been very generally turned to account by poets, novelists, and others. But the charming young lady who appears in the novels of the preceding generation is obviously described from without. Amelia and Sophia Western, and even Clarissa Harlowe, though she is supposed to be speaking for herself, are felt to be the creations of the masculine imagination, if such a word can be applied to Richardson; and are at least placed in a world seen from a masculine point of view.

It had not occurred to any one capable of giving effect to the thought that the world seen through a young woman's eyes and described with thorough frankness and spontaneity could be worth a temporary visit. The feminine writers of plays and novels — of whom, of course, there had been plenty — had tried to imitate the procedure of their male relations. Sarah Fielding had endeavored to tread in the steps of her big brother; and an earlier race had been disciples in the school of Wycherley and Congreve, and had begun by throwing aside some qualities which we generally associate with feminine excellence. But in "Evelina" we have for the first time the genuine young woman coming forwards and claiming a hearing on her own merits. She is not going to affect a kind of knowledge which she cannot possess except at second hand, or at the price of losing her distinctive excellence. She admits herself to be perfectly simple-minded, no scholar or philosopher, deficient of all that knowledge of human nature which Tom Jones and his like had acquired in rough contact with the uglier facts of life, and yet she presumes to think that her little impressions may have an interest of their own. Many later writers have appropriated this discovery; we have been told with such fulness and minuteness what are the views of young ladies about things in general, from the earliest period at which they issue from their nurseries, that we scarcely do justice to Miss Burney as the first to make what was then a daring experiment. Ladies who wished to put forwards the claims of their sex to some equality of intellect, when they did not belong to the genus adventuress, took ponderous airs of learning. They translated Epictetus, or wrote essays upon Shakespeare after the manner of the great lexicographer; and obtained that kind of

admiration which Johnson described too accurately by the parallel of the "dancing dogs" — a wonder, not that they could do it well, but that they could do it at all. Under the conditions of the time even such wonder was perhaps legitimate and worth accepting. But Miss Burney had gallantly come forwards to show that there was one thing, at least, which women could not only do, but do incomparably better than men — namely, express their own sentiments and draw their own portraits.

It seems, indeed, that Miss Burney, much as she had been kept in the background, must have seen a good deal more of the world than most young women of her position. Her father's profession was socially ambiguous; as a music-master he belonged to a class not very highly esteemed by our ancestors, and scarcely regarded as respectable by the solid, prosperous tradesmen against whom she levels a good deal of satire in "Evelina;" as a music-master of an unusual kind, he was at the same time welcomed and petted by all the connoisseurs and patrons of the fine arts. "Evelina" is devised so as to make the young lady alternate between the grand society of Lord Orville and the coarse tradesmen who kept shops and took in lodgers. We may doubtless trace some reflections of Miss Burney's personal experiences in this matter. In her memoirs she dwells chiefly upon the noble patrons who admitted her father to their houses; but she had had more than glimpses of their social inferiors; and her father's best anecdote about her describes her as playing with the daughters of his next-door neighbor, a wig-maker, and spoiling one of his wigs by immersion in a water-tub. Clearly she had originals for those portraits of the Branghton circle, which so much delighted the critics of Streatham; and, without putting her down as a full-blown snob, we must say that she had a very strong conviction that the loftier nature, were generally to be found in aristocratic circles. The tradesmen and their friends who figure in her pages are treated with merciless ridicule, and she plainly prefers even the immoral fine gentleman who has a due knowledge of the ways of good society.

With that, however, we need not trouble ourselves. Her critics were agreed — and it is idle to argue so superfluous a point — that she does not describe individuals after the fashion of the immortal Shakespeare and others, but abstract types, mere general likenesses of the

mean tradesman, the perfect gentleman, the proud aristocrat, the reckless prodigal, and so forth. Each character is an embodiment of some "humor"—in the Ben Jonson sense—and never comes upon the stage except to illustrate his peculiar weakness in every speech he utters. We are, in fact, properly speaking, in the reign of light comedy; we must not ask for profound insight or for delicate observation; a brilliant, boldly sketched portrait of some tolerably obvious type is all that we can fairly demand; and such portraits are abundant and lively enough to explain the general impression of her friends, sanctioned by Sheridan and Murphy, that her natural talents would come out in writing for the stage. Perhaps the point which strikes us most in this series of social sketches is rather different from what the ordinary criticisms seem to imply. Thackeray, in one of the "Roundabout Papers" (the "Peal of Bells"), quotes a passage from "Evelina," in which Lord Orville makes an offer to the heroine, and contrasts this "old perfumed, powdered D'Arblay conversation" with a bit of modern slang. Undoubtedly, when Miss Burney wanted to describe a Grandison of her own, she put into his mouth the courtly compliment which might still go with laced coats and diamond buckles. But it is curious to observe what one must almost call the blackguardly behavior of the fine gentlemen as a class. Evelina goes about with the vulgar relations with whom she is doomed to associate to the various amusements of the day. They visit the opera as a strange region set apart for a loftier order of beings; and are grossly inattentive to music which Dr. Burney's daughter could of course appreciate. But they seem to be quite at home when visiting Vauxhall and Ranelagh and "Marylebone Gardens," and "the long room at Hampstead," where the middle classes appear to have enjoyed themselves very heartily with dances and fireworks and other entertainments. In such places she meets with the fine young gentlemen who succeeded to the Lovelaces of a previous period, and preceded the bucks and dandies of the Tom and Jerry period. Evelina is always getting separated from her party, falling into the most questionable company, receiving the rudest attentions from these young men of fashion, and being rescued by the chivalrous Lord Orville, who, however, seems to be more shocked than surprised. At her first ball, Sir Clement Willoughby, who is supposed

to be a gentleman and a man of fashion, persecutes her to dance—never having been introduced to her—with a continuous impertinence almost inconceivable in what is meant for decent society, yet most insufficiently resented. She welcomes him afterwards as a pleasant contrast to the coarse manners of her friends; he takes part in a brutal practical joke upon her grandmother in order to ingratiate himself with one of her guardians; he tries to persuade her to elope with him out of hand in his carriage on the return from Vauxhall; forges an insulting letter to her from Lord Orville; and, though he is meant to be wicked, he does not apparently cease to be regarded as a finished gentleman. Two of his friends show their good taste by getting up a race between two decrepit old women of eighty; all the ladies attend to see the event decided; and Lord Orville shows unparalleled humanity by picking up one of the poor old creatures who has fallen, in spite of the protests from the backer of her competitor. It must be said that, if this be a fair picture of the men of fashion of the day, the impressions of a girl of seventeen, brought up in the strictest seclusion, upon her first entrance into the world must occasionally have been startling.

Readers of Horace Walpole or George Selwyn will certainly not be inclined to doubt that courtliness of manner, such as Chesterfield would have approved, might be a mere varnish over coarseness and profligacy. In her portraits of this kind, however, we suspect that Miss Burney was eking out the limited experience of a young lady by second-hand characters. Grandison and Lovelace were the models from whom she was drawing rather than any of the gentlemen who visited Dr. Burney's musical parties. The discovery which she had made was not fully realized even by herself. It is pleasant to enter a young lady's world, but we must add the condition that it should be the world which a young lady can really understand. "Evelina" implies at most a partial recognition of this condition. Miss Austen's instinctive tact made her confine herself strictly to the little incidents of domestic history, which the young lady not only understands, but understands better than any one. The men who enter her stories show only those aspects which are visible to their sisters. We never see them except at a tea-table, or taking a lady for a drive in their carriages. Miss Burney is not quite so discreet. She does not, in-

deed, venture to accompany her masculine characters into regions beyond the female view; but she takes her heroines into scenes where the fine gentleman disports himself with considerable freedom; and we feel that the heroine is giving her impressions of men and things not really intelligible to her, and is forced to supplement them by drawing upon the common stock of previous novelists.

Her men are apt to be even more conventional than the ordinary male cousins of a feminine imagination. This, indeed, does not seriously injure the general effect of "Evelina." The portraits of the vulgar Branghtons and their circle seem to have been generally regarded as the most successful parts of the book; and these we can admire without stint. Taking them as they are meant, for bright, telling social caricatures, and not asking for the delicacy or insight of a higher art, we must admit that they are dashed off with admirable vivacity, and that we see for the first time the keen little feminine satirist with a charming quickness of perception for the foibles of her "social environment." This is the really new element in our literature: the discovery of a vein of ridicule not worked by any of her predecessors. The rapid glancing intuitions of the feminine observer are now being for the first time turned to account to give a brilliant picture of one aspect of human nature. Before her time, talent of a similar kind must have been wasted in the kind of feminine gossip which was treated with supercilious good-nature by writers in "The Spectator." Miss Burney discovered that it had a value of its own, and could be embodied in literary form.

Unluckily she mistook her own gifts. Admiration of her novel took its usual form. People talked about her insight into the human heart, her extraordinary capacity for penetrating or representing character, and so forth. It is no wonder that Miss Burney took herself too seriously, and mistook her admirable facility for rapid sketching for a power of grand historical painting. When a judicious admirer of Miss Austen's suggested to her that she should write a romance illustrative of the history of the house of Brunswick, Miss Austen received the suggestion in a manner worthy of her good sense. One cannot help fancying that Miss Burney would have caught at the proposal; unless, indeed, she had felt herself to be rather too familiar with some members of that noble family. The

weakest part of "Evelina" is a bit of melodrama with a romantic Scotchman, saved from suicide by the expostulations of the heroine, who turns out to be somebody else, whilst she herself has been more or less changed at nurse. It does not appear that anybody had the kindness to tell her that this part of the story, fortunately not one which occupies much space, was rubbish, or that the elderly benevolent parson who does the heavy moralizing was an old bore. She probably fancied, like most young authors, that she was at her best when most pretentiously solemn and didactic. In her next story, "Cecilia," she accordingly takes the airs of a solemn moralist, which do not sit upon her quite so easily as might be wished. She desires to be not merely the lively describer, but the judicious mentor of society, worthy to be ranked with those distinguished females, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Chapone, and, drawing her sentiments and, to some degree, her style of writing from that repertory of eighteenth-century wisdom, "The Rambler," which, indeed, deserves more respect than it always received for its own merits, but which, as diluted through the brain of a clever young lady, anxious to be a good deal wiser and more solemn than nature permits, becomes decidedly tedious when it escapes being unintentionally comic. "Cecilia," indeed, is by no means entirely ruined by the infusion of the superlatively sententious. Miss Burney had learnt a good deal in the Streatham society during the period of composition; and, so long as she is discharging her natural function, her perception shows no signs of falling off.

The story, though of the elaborate and conventional kind intended to give effect to a particular moral application, has at least been thought out, and is developed with a good deal of spirit, though with a rather superfluous effusion of fine sentiment. Though "Evelina" appears to us to be greatly superior, in proportion as it is more spontaneous, we can believe that the readers of "Cecilia" might still enjoy the old qualities and take the ominous increase of pomposity as implying merely the riper reflectiveness of later life. The worst symptom is, however, that Miss Burney evidently relishes her most stilted performances best, and brings in the more comic scenes, in which she condescends to be amusing, with an air of apology. The critical part of the story, which is reached in the fourth volume, is sufficiently characteristic. Cecilia loves Mor-

timer Delville, and Mortimer Delville loves Cecilia Beverley. He is the son of a proud Delville, or rather of a Delville who is nothing but pride, and whose fortunes are ruined. Cecilia has 3,000*l.* a year and all the virtues. Why should they not marry? Because Mortimer would have either to take the name of Beverley or to abandon Miss Beverley's fortune. The young pair, to do them justice, are willing that he should call himself Beverley instead of Mortimer; but the stern parents, Mr. Delville and his obedient wife, decline to permit such a sacrifice. Mrs. Delville, the mother, calls upon Cecilia to explain the wickedness of gratifying her love at the expense of Delville's family. She takes the highest possible moral tone. "To your family, I assure you, whatever may be the pride of your own, *you* being its offspring, we would not object. With your merit we are all well acquainted, your character has our highest esteem, and your fortune exceeds our most sanguine desires. Strange at once and afflicting! Now not all these requisites for the satisfaction of prudence, not all these allurements for the gratification of happiness, can suffice to fulfil or to silence the claims of either! There are other demands to which we must attend, demands which ancestry and blood call upon us aloud to ratify! Such claimants are not to be neglected with impunity; they assert their rights with the authority of prescription; they forbid us alike either to bend to inclination or stoop to interest, and from generation to generation their injuries will call out for redress, should their noble and long unsullied name be consigned to oblivion."

The admirable Cecilia does not intimate to Mrs. Delville, in the politest way possible, that she is an old fool, but admits the claim expounded in this and a good deal more of similar eloquence, and determines to give up the son. The young gentleman is not quite so reasonable in his remonstrances, causes his mother to break a blood-vessel, and leads to various agonies protracted through a volume and a half before the great problem is happily resolved. "The whole of this unfortunate business," as a sage physician sums up the moral of the work, "has been the result of PRIDE and PREJUDICE;" though, as he adds, "so wonderfully is good and evil balanced that to PRIDE and PREJUDICE you will also owe the termination" of your miseries. How that happens may be discovered from the book.

It is superfluous to observe that it is not by such twaddle as we have quoted that "Pride and Prejudice" has become a familiar phrase to us, and that it is not through Miss Burney's achievements in the direction of the old-fashioned romance that she has any claim to be a founder of a modern novel. In fact, when we read these stilted declamations, uttered apparently in a *bona fide* conviction that she is presenting a grand moral problem, and observe further that her friends admired her wonderful skill in making Mrs. Delville lovable in spite of her pride, we can understand how Miss Burney fell a victim to the fascinations of the royal palace. She could ridicule vulgarity with admirable quickness; but when she becomes solemn and didactic, she does not see the difference between humbugs and realities. She gets altogether out of her depth, and gives us the emptiest of lay figures, gesticulating and perorating, instead of any real representation of human passion. There is an old semi-lunatic in "Cecilia," who goes about declaiming on the virtues of the poor and the selfishness of the rich, who is evidently intended to be a striking study of half-witted benevolence. Really he strikes one chiefly as an embodiment of that vein of insincere declamation into which Miss Burney afterwards diverged, and which takes such comic proportions in the memoir of her father. First discoverers are apt to misunderstand the nature of their own discovery; and the worst that can be said of Miss Burney is that after hitting upon a really new and excellent literary novelty, she knew so little what she had done that she sank into Madame d'Arblay. A tract which she published in behalf of the emigrant French priests is an amusing example of the same tendency. She evidently thought that, as she had adopted Johnsonese in "Cecilia," she might try to rival Burke in declamations upon revolutionary wickedness.

To overlook this weakness would be impossible; and, indeed, it gives the only explanation of the complete failure to sustain her early reputation. Her discovery, however, though she was herself unconscious of its true nature, was to bear fruit in later hands. She generally receives credit as the first writer who made the novel decent. Macaulay compares the reform which she brought about with the reform of the stage at the time of Collier. Without examining the precedent, we must say that there is some

truth in this, if decency is to be identified unreservedly with morality. Some books, however, were really moral in a high degree which offend modern notions of decorum, and some books are very distinctly the reverse which pay the most scrupulous respect to our modern regulations. Miss Burney's novels are no doubt inoffensive in this respect, and may possibly be regarded as edifying; but the true inference, as it appears to us, is rather more limited. They were, no doubt, one of the first precedents for that kind of literature which is intended to be read by young ladies, and which can therefore be provided most effectually by young ladies. In the previous generation, Richardson and Fielding and their friends were fond of arguing the question whether young women ought to be allowed to learn Latin, or should find a sufficient outlet for their energies in cooking their husband's dinner and mending his shirts. Ladies who had courage enough to break through the conventional rules acted under protest; and were rather apt to assume a preternatural pomposity by way of a faint apology for their audacity. Their intentions were so very good that they must be pardoned for infringing the ordinary regulations. In our own time we have shaken off so many prejudices that the sentiment is scarcely intelligible. Miss Burney's career as an authoress came at the time when the change was beginning. She broke ground in a field afterwards to be cultivated by such a host of successors as showed something of its capabilities. But when she had made her success, she misinterpreted its meaning, and set up as a professor of the fine old vein of didactic sentimentalism. She could not understand the value of her spontaneous and natural perceptions; and thought that, in spite of nature, she must set up as a successor to Richardson, full of moral saws and edifying reflections. Meanwhile, however, she had given an impulse to her successors, which no doubt encouraged Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth, and through them a whole host of literary descendants. It is clear enough that one result has been the production of a whole literature, which has at least the negative merit of freedom from certain stains which exclude Fielding and even the edifying Richardson from the list of universally readable books. But to judge of it as a whole and pronounce upon its value, either ethically or æsthetically, would be to enter a wide and debatable field of inquiry.

From The Sunday Magazine.

MR. EDWIN COLE.

A STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

#### CHAPTER I.

It was November — November in London — and yet a sky of almost cloudless blue arched over the old square, and the sunlight that fell upon the still fresh grass, and the trees, not quite stripped of their leaves, in the square garden, was as bright as any that fell in England. A fresh wind had dried and whitened the roadways and pitted foot-pavements; the living leaves danced merrily in it, and the drifts of dead leaves woke up from their aromatic basking in the sunshine, and chased one another round and round and in and out between the rusty, broken garden palisades and the blistered area rails with a cheerful rustle.

Spring sunshine would have mocked the faded old square, but it looked its best in the autumn brightness. Its pepper-and-salt stone fronts, its dim brick façades, here and there furnished up into a ruddiness fated speedily to tone down again into harmonious drab, had lost their wonted look of depression — seemed no longer to be regretting the bygone days, when the square blazed with footmen's liveries and the still gayer costumes of their masters, and links were put out in the great extinguishers which here and there still protrude beside the fluted doorposts, like dumb trumpets of departed greatness.

The sombre effigy of warrior or statesman, once famous but now unknown, who sits like Theseus in the middle of the garden, frequented only by smoky sparrows, still looked like a *genius loci* in mourning, as grimy, ragged little children from neighboring slums (who make the square their playground) peered in at him between the palisades, and even presumed to pelt "the black man;" but, after all, there is little reason for his sulks. The square, converted for the most part into offices and institutions, does far more good in the world than when it was a butterfly vivarium.

Whether, however, the Lisbon Earthquake Relief Fund did much good to anybody except himself and family was a question that had often exercised the mind of its secretary, good-natured Teddy Cole, a little man of few resources and many children — children so many that he had put his conscience in his pocket when



the appointment was offered him. He appeared in print as —

Secretary,

MR. EDWIN COLE.

Letters were addressed to him as

"Edwin Cole, Esq."

He signed himself Edwin, but almost everybody who knew him spoke of him as Teddy. His children did so to his face, and the small servants who, one at a time, waited on his large family, did so behind his back. His wife was nearly the only person that knew him intimately who called him "Mr. Cole," and she did it in a tone which implied that he had done her a great injury in inducing her to become Mrs. Cole — that the illusion which had once led even her to fondle him with his abbreviated Christian name had long since vanished like a morning mist, not dissipated by summer's sunshine, but ending in steadily downpouring rain.

Mrs. Cole was a good little woman in her way: adroitly stretched her husband's narrow income to meet the necessities of his superabundant household; became affectionate to him again when she had to nurse him; and sacrificed herself for her children, whether sick or well. Nevertheless, Teddy, who had done the best he could, poor little chap, for those belonging to him, and spent scarce a penny on himself, got rather weary sometimes of being reminded of the poor figure he had cut in the world, twitted with the utter improbability of his ever doing any better, reproached for the iniquity of which he had been guilty in bringing a family into existence (in which crime Teddy could not help thinking his rebuker must have been in some degree a *particeps*), and made miserable by predictions of an impending workhouse.

"As for myself," his wife would exclaim, "it does not matter. When I can work no longer, I can starve. Hard enough I've had to work for you and yours. But it does seem sad — a downright shame I call it! — that these poor innocents should be made paupers of just because their father, that pretends to be so fond of them, and they're so fond of, can't make a way for himself in the world. How do other men get on, I should like to know?"

According to Mrs. Cole, all other men were getting on. Teddy was the only one she had known in her young days who was not in affluent circumstances. There

was So-and-so, who kept forty clerks and two footmen; Such-a-one, who had just built himself a mansion of a house; and Such-another, who gave his wife a pony-chaise and pair on their "last wedding-day," though she had two carriages to ride in before — as Mrs. Cole might have had if she had not been foolish enough to throw away good chances through listening to delusive promises not one of which had been kept. As Teddy, who remembered nothing of those splendid promises, and before his marriage had never heard of those fine chances, would have been pleased enough, for his own sake as well as his wife's and his children's, to enjoy prosperity, he could not but think it hard that he should be rated as if he had willfully rejected it.

From what has been said it may be supposed that Teddy was willing enough to accept the Lisbon Relief Fund secretaryship when an old schoolfellow, who had become chairman, offered it to him; and that, domestic little man though he was, there were times when he was by no means sorry to exchange his hearth at Hackney for his quiet little office in the square.

For economy as well as exercise' sake he walked there and back, and for another reason — while so doing he could, for a longer time than if he had ridden, fancy that he was going to or returning from business; but when he was in his office, and had answered joyfully any letter — a very rare arrival — which required a reply, he was sorely puzzled as to his official *raison d'être*. He went to his office every week-day, and made his office hours from ten to four, giving himself, with great gravity, a half-holiday on Saturdays; but as for anything there was to do, he might often have stayed away from week's end to week's end, for many months together. The Fund was under the control of a committee, of whose few-and-far-between meetings Teddy took most minute minutes, copying them out afterwards in his most carefully elegant handwriting; he conducted the Fund's correspondence under the direction of the chairman, and kept its accounts under the supervision of the honorary treasurer; but the remnant of the obsolete relief left for distribution, when his small salary was paid, amongst any beneficiaries the ingenuity of its managers could pitch upon, was so diminutive, that Teddy could not stifle a conviction that he had no right to take his comparatively heavy percentage on the money, and that the ghosts of its defunct contrib-

utors, if they beheld him at his no-labors, must consider him a humbug.

As the little man was honest in inclination, at any rate, and wished to be of some real use to his fellow-creatures, even the consciousness of having obtained at last a definite post conventionally regarded as "respectable," and the comfort of being able to look forward to quarterly payments of an income — small, indeed, but still as certain as the coming round of quarter-days — could not quite reconcile him to his circumstances. He had to quiet his conscience as best he could, like many another impecunious man analogously placed, with the reflection that his wife and children ought to be his first consideration, and that, therefore, he was not morally bound to throw up an appointment which kept some kind of a roof over their heads, and supplied them with a fair amount of bread and butter.

But on this bright November morning the crispness of the air and the clearness of the light, together with the fact that he had left Mrs. Cole in a slightly less doleful and bodeful mood than usual, had so raised Teddy's spirits that he continued to be cheerful after entering the open front lobby of the old house in the square which contained his office, instead of taking up the little load of casuistical questioning which he generally carried upstairs with him thence.

Fearing, perhaps, that Mrs. Cole's mood was too good to last, he had started while her spirits were at their highest flood, or least low ebb, and so had arrived at the square so early that the old woman who looked after the old house within whose walls he led his official existence was still engaged in sweeping the inner lobby, floored with cracked stone in black and white chequers.

Mrs. Slack had a faint liking for Teddy, strongly flavored with contempt. He gave her less trouble and civiller words than any one else she had to do for; but if she got no bother and no blowings up from him, she also got no tips; and if these were liberal, she did not mind how much she was abused, and could perform extra work put upon her at her perfunctory pleasure.

"Mornin'," she said, in reply to the little secretary's greeting; she did not call him Teddy, but she never called him sir. "You're afore your time. It beats me, it do, why you come to business so reg'lar, when you've got sich a precious little on it to do. Why, if you was to stay away every day, 'cept 'mittee days, who'd know?

An' I don't expect there's many as would care."

Teddy, although very polite to Mrs. Slack, generally shrank from entering into conversation with her, having a shrewd suspicion that she had taken his measure as a business man, and looked upon him as a sham. And, indeed, outside his own little province, which, after all, was only playing at business, with a chairman and a treasurer to keep him from going wrong — driving a tram-car, so to speak, with one man to blow the whistle for him and another to put on the break — Mrs. Slack certainly had a much greater knowledge of affairs than Teddy. She had waited on business men of various kinds, had been sent out to purchase stamps and on such like errands; and so had picked up a variety of scraps of information, legal and mercantile, which made Teddy feel abashed in her presence. As she stood leaning on her broom, with her bonnet on the back of her head, looking somewhat like a fully-carved bishop on a giant's chess-board, Teddy cowered under her satiric eye, and once more lost belief in himself. He tripped over the black and white squares with timid speed, and trotted up the broad, balustraded, wainscoted oak staircase as if he were afraid that Mrs. Slack was going to fling something at him.

When he reached the top landing, the sight of "Lisbon Earthquake Relief Fund," in black letters upon the wall and zinc-plated on his front door, somewhat revived his spirits. They looked quite as official as any other inscription on the landing. The "Secretary's Office" on the door of his own room, and the "Private" on that of the "Board," also had an orthodox appearance; and when he opened his letter-box, his eyes were gladdened by a little sheaf of most official-looking long envelopes.

He examined his "correspondence" most deliberately, wishing to make the most of an official occupation; but, alas! not one of the missives required an answer. They were all prospectuses of one kind and another, and he could not persuade himself that he would be justified in writing official "Sir, — I am directed by my committee" acknowledgments of the receipt of invitations to take shares in Dutch Waterworks and Mesopotamian Railways. When wine-merchants and cheap tailors sent him their circulars, he did sometimes reply in official style, gravely explaining that, the fund having fulfilled its original purpose, his commit-

tee no longer gave relief in kind; adding, in his replies to the wine-merchants, that even if this had not been the case, his committee, with every desire to further the interests of their fellow-citizens, being bound to administer the fund at their disposal on principles of rigid economy, would have considered it advisable to purchase wine on the spot in Portugal. Having spread out his "correspondence" on the office-table, to catch the eye of any one who might chance to call, he sat down before the fire to read his paper—which also he considered to be, in a sense, an official duty.

Such portions in his journal as interested him, and some which did not (including the City article, read only from a sense of official propriety), having been very leisurely perused, Teddy wrote a private letter. He could not resist the temptation of the office-addressed paper and envelope; but though he carried on his private correspondence at the office, he was too scrupulous to charge it with his privately used postage stamps. Then Teddy glanced at the dusty yellow map of Spain and Portugal, which hung upon a side wall, and studied, for the thousandth time, the dim, blotched, and freckled view of Lisbon, which held the place of honor over the mantel piece.

That faded old print had a fascination for Teddy, since he seemed really to belong to Lisbon rather than to London; if the office had been located on the banks of the Tagus instead of on those of the Thames, Teddy used to fancy that it and he could have asserted a better right to be. He was not much of a student, but he had carefully got up the history of the great catastrophe to which he was indebted for his official existence; and had so frequently related its thrilling incidents to his children that some of the younger ones, not troubled by considerations of chronology, had a hazy faith that their father had narrowly escaped being swallowed up, either by soil or sea, during the earthquake. Musing over the mystery of the "Providence" by which, owing to the destruction of thousands on that distant bright November day, he and his were provided with food on the bright November day that was passing by, he remembered that it was time for his midday meal, and accordingly produced from his little black bag a little newspaper packet of home provender, which he ate, so to speak, upon the sly; keeping the bag beside him with still open jaws, in readiness to hide from view the very un-

official looking refreshment, in case any one should knock at the door. Teddy always brought his "dinner" with him from home, and it was always cold; but on rare occasions, when it was of a little less miscellaneous nature than usual, Teddy laid a cloth—*i.e.* spread his newspaper—on the Board-room table, carried in the office water-bottle and glass, and took his repast, as being secure from interruption, in a slightly more dignified and comfortable fashion. One of his windows opened on a leaden gutter, much frequented by sparrows. As usual, Teddy threw out his crumbs to them; they were the only pensioners to whom he could afford to be liberal on a large scale, and he took great delight in this daily benefaction. And then, suspending from his bell-pull a card which announced that he would be "back in an hour," he started for a walk.

Wet or fine, he took this walk between one and two. Although he would often much rather have stayed within doors, since he had plenty of walking between the office and his home, he thought it necessary for the preservation of his official respectability to go out regularly at this time, in order that he might impress Mrs. Slack and his co-inmates with a belief that he took luncheon or dinner at a restaurant.

Teddy walked to St. Paul's Churchyard, and dined with Duke Humphrey. The fine, full shops, the towering warehouses, the crush of vehicles, the crowds of busy passengers—in short, the signs of wealth and earnest work he saw while he was out, again made him dissatisfied with his own pinched, make-believe life. When he had taken down his card, opened his letter-box and found it empty, and again seated himself before the fire with his paper in his hand, he felt as sour as it was possible for so kindly-natured a little man to be.

Perhaps because he had so seldom an opportunity of indulging in it, he thought giving about the greatest luxury in life. He was very fond of his children, and he was calling to mind how he had seen a little posse of toy-laden children issuing from the shop at the corner of Paternoster Row, accompanied by a smiling lady, also toy-laden, who might have been their mamma, and a florid, broad-smiling gentleman with bulged-out pockets, turned into a beast of burden for boxes and balls, who might have been their bachelor uncle from the country.

"Ah! I wish I could give my children

toys like that," thought poor little Teddy. "I'm as fond of 'em as any man can be of his kids; but it's precious little I can give 'em, except rides on my back. Well, anyhow, I might cut them out something."

Selecting some of the stoutest prospectuses lying on his table, he tore off the blank leaves, took a pair of scissors out of his drawer, and proceeded to fashion horses, donkeys, dogs, and cows with split heads and tails, elephants with double trunks, beaux with two walking-sticks, belles with two parasols, sailors, Highlanders, and rows of very dumpy little boys and girls, dancing hand in hand, some of whom would persist in coming into existence with but one leg and arm, and only half a head. He was so absorbed in inking in saddles and bridles, kilts, plaids, belts, neckerchiefs, curls, eyes, and other features, that when a knock came at the door he unthinkingly answered, "Come in," without looking up from his work.

"I hope I don't intrude; you seem busy," said a voice that made Teddy start and hastily pull his newspaper over his very unofficial specimens of penmanship.

It was not exactly an unkind voice, but very cool, keen, and direct in its utterances — a "no-nonsense" voice that made Teddy wince when he heard it.

He had often thought that one day or other the sham of his secretaryship would be publicly exposed, and now he felt almost sure that it had come.

"I will wait, if you are very much occupied, or call again; mine is not exactly office business," said the new-comer in a tone that was still ironical, but still a little kinder than before, as if he had found a more harmless, helpless species of humbug than the one he had expected, and felt a little compunction at the thought that he had come with the intention of convicting it out of its own mouth. "The fact is, Mr. Cole," he went on, when he had taken the chair which Teddy deferentially offered him, "I'm an old bachelor, with so little business of my own to mind, perhaps unfortunately, that to fill up my time I am obliged to mind other people's. My name is Spott, Francis Spott, No. 5, Sepulchre Buildings, Outer Temple. I've a craze for charitable archæology; at any rate, the history of ancient charities — doles paid down on old tombstones, money left to free slaves in Barbary, and 'prentice parish boys and portion servant girls, and things of that sort. It was only very lately that I heard that your Fund was in existence. Do you publish any report?"

"No," Teddy explained, "because we have no subscribers."

"All dead and buried long ago, eh?" said Mr. Spott with a laugh. "But don't you give any account of your stewardship?"

"Oh yes, sir," answered Teddy eagerly. "By the direction of my committee I draw up every year, and have printed, an account of the way in which the doles have been distributed."

"For whose inspection?" asked Mr. Spott.

"For that of any one, sir," replied Teddy, "who, like yourself, may chance to take an interest in the working of the charity. Here is our last list."

"Hum — hah," said Mr. Spott; "and are these small sums all that you have to give away?"

"Every penny of the fund is expended, sir," loftily answered Teddy. "The gentlemen of the committee sometimes kindly supplement the gifts out of their own pockets."

"Hum — hah!" again said Mr. Spott. "Exceedingly kind of them, no doubt. May I ask to see a few back lists?"

"Here they are, sir, for the last ten years, drawn up by my own hand; so I can vouch for them," said Teddy, as he took from a drawer the lists referred to, with a proud sense of unexpectedly published authorship.

Mr. Spott once more said, "Hum — hah" as he ran over them, and then remarked, —

"Not much difference in the names, I notice. These gifts, I take it, are little pensions. May I ask who has the granting of them?"

"Each member of the committee can recommend one poor person every year; chairman and treasurer two additional," said Teddy.

"I see," replied Mr. Spott, "and renew the recommendation annually, benevolently supplementing the gift out of their own pockets. Your committee manage their charity very economically, Mr. Cole."

Teddy thought that he meant charity with a big C, and bowed in delighted recognition of the compliment.

"But I don't see anything about office expenses," Mr. Spott went on. "You pay rent for these rooms, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Teddy, mentioning the sum.

"And, excuse me," still the inquisitive Mr. Spott went on, "your committee, no doubt, all give their services for love; but

I don't see honorary before your name in the list here."

"Oh no, sir, I receive a salary," said Teddy. "If I could afford"—he had been going to say that if he could have afforded to give his services gratuitously to the Fund, he would have done so; but the conviction that if he could have made his living in any other way he would never have had anything to do with the Fund, flashed upon him, and he stopped abruptly, looking more shamefaced than he had any need to be.

"Ah, well," replied Mr. Spott, after regarding him with a suddenly sharp look of suspicion, which soon changed again into his former half-contemptuous, half-kindly gaze of forbearance, "I will not ask what the amount is. I suppose I have no right to, though charitable funds, I think, ought to be explicit as to their expenses, even when the living public does not subscribe to them. Still, may I inquire, without offence, how you obtained your appointment, Mr. Cole?"

"My kind friend, the chairman," Teddy answered readily enough.

"An old friend?" asked Mr. Spott.

"Very old," replied Teddy. "We were at school together. My father was in good circumstances then—could help *his*; and he kindly remembered that when my present post fell vacant. He had known for some time before that I was in want of an appointment; circumstances had compelled me to apply to him on several occasions, and he most kindly thought of me at once."

"Ah, I see," assented Mr. Spott. "Most kind of him, I'm sure, to get you this little berth. I'm afraid you will think me very rude, but, excuse me, Mr. Cole, the emoluments are not overpowering, are they? If you were to forget to pay income-tax one year, you wouldn't have to send the chancellor of the exchequer a three-figure bank note, would you, to quiet your conscience and restore its tone, to the depleted revenue?"

"Well, sir," answered Teddy, with an uneasy little laugh, for he was getting more and more puzzled what to make of Mr. Spott, "I could spend more money, if I had it, like most people, but I am thankful to have got the little income I have. I'm a family man, and a certainty, big or small, is a great consideration under those circumstances."

"Of course, of course," said Mr. Spott, still half keenly, half kindly. "But I should say you need not break your heart if by any chance you lost this appoint-

ment. Your kind friend might surely give you something better in his own service, or get it for you. I'm much obliged to you for these papers, and the information you have been good enough to give me. If you should ever want a reference, apply to me, and I shall be most happy to give you an excellent character for frankness, at any rate. Good-day, Mr. Cole."

The day had not only drawn in, but also clouded over, while Mr. Spott was in the office. Darker it grew, when he was gone, and darker fears came over Teddy's troubled mind, as he sat at home by his dying fire, meditating on the recent interview. It soon became apparent to him that he had been pumped, and he could not suppress a fear that, notwithstanding the slight kindly feeling which Mr. Spott seemed to have contracted for Teddy personally, he harbored hostile intentions against Secretary, Mr. Edwin Cole.

Now, if Teddy had given no hostages to fortune, he might not, perhaps, have greatly regretted ejection from a post which had sorely troubled his peace of mind by wounding his sense of self-respect. But he had given such hostages; it was for their sake he had taken the post, and the thought of losing it while they were dependent upon it—losing it, perhaps, through his own admissions—was terrible to Teddy.

"After all, though," he thought, "I must have told lies, if I had said anything different, and I couldn't sit still and say nothing. I ain't a Deaf-and-Dumb secretary."

Little Teddy laughed at his own little joke, and the laugh did him a little good. Nevertheless, he muttered aloud anxiously, "I mustn't say anything about this to Amanda."

Mrs. Cole was Teddy's Amanda, and, no doubt, she was "meet or worthy to be loved." Indeed, she was still Teddy's Amata also, but his affection for her was not that perfect love which casteth out fear. The lot which they had shared in life had been, in her opinion, so unlucky, that she had arrived at the conclusion that her husband was a born feckless unfortunate—that nothing he might do on his own responsibility could possibly tend to good—that the chances were ten to one that it would lead immediately to evil, precipitate that family exodus from home to the "house," which sooner or later was inevitable.

No wonder, therefore, Teddy thought it unadvisable to mention Mr. Spott's visit



to his wife. Having slipped his elephants and other works of art into an envelope, and put it into his breast-pocket, he left his office a good deal less lively than when he had entered it in the morning. Then the withered leaves fluttering as they fell, golden yellow in the sunshine, had made him think of butterflies, but now as they zigzagged, dim in the dusk, they made him think of bats.

However, he brightened up again as he neared his home. He was sure, at any rate, of a cheerful greeting from his children, who welcomed him daily on his return as if he had just come back after two winterings in the Arctic regions.

## CHAPTER II.

WHEN he had been tempted for a moment to envy the snugness and freedom from care about the morrow of an old bedesman whom he had seen, when passing the almshouses in Goldsmith's Row, tottering on to his cushioned armchair beside his brightly burning little fire, Cole had the next moment scoffed at the notion as preposterously absurd. "Poor lonely old chap!" he had muttered. "Why, he's glad to get a good-morning even from me when I go by!"

Teddy's youngest two, a little girl and a smaller boy, were standing on the tiny steps of his pill-box of a house on the other side of London Fields, on the lookout for their father. Forth they raced, bareheaded, to meet him, as soon as they made him out, the little girl carrying a little tabby cat cuddled in her arms.

"It's Bluey's birthday, pap-pa," she cried, "and you went away this morning without even wishing her many happy returns of the day. I bought her a ha'p'orth of milk for a birthday present out of my own money box."

Even the little Coles had money-boxes, and little as they held, it was sometimes proudly lent to eke out the contents of the family purse when at the lowest ebb.

"Dear, dear, dear," said Teddy, professing to feel greatly rebuked by his little daughter's reproach. "But what a pretty keepsake you gave her — how long did she keep it, Sissy?"

"Why, she drank it — so, of course, she's got it now, you silly man!" retorted the little girl with triumphant logic.

"Give me a ride home, paps!" shouted the little boy, swarming up his parent as if he had been a pole.

With Master Bobby on his shoulder, and Sissy and Bluey on his arm, Teddy proceeded to his home. His wife came

out of the little front parlor as he staggered up the steps.

"Get down, Bobby, get down at once, sir, or you'll break your neck," she said. "Really, Sissy, I'm astonished at you, a great girl like you, behaving in that way out of doors. What will the neighbors think? Ah, Mr. Cole, you ought to exert yourself for your children. They're fond enough of you, poor dears — fonder than they are of me that am always slaving for them. I don't grudge you their love — though when things come to the worst, they'll soon find out who they've got to look to; but it ought to stir you up to do something for them — it really ought, Mr. Cole."

Little Teddy, who had been doing his poor little best, lengthened his countenance at this reproof, whereupon Bobby, who did not approve of any one of his gender being scolded by the other sex, strove to cheer his fellow-sufferer by whispering, —

"Never mind, Teddy, I ain't angry with you."

After tea the elephants, etc., were brought out, and the little ones were to the full as delighted with them as the children Teddy had seen in Paternoster Row could have been with their costly toys. These prodigies of humorous art, indeed, were more precious to Sissy and Bobby than any mere bought playthings would have been. Any one who had money enough could have purchased those, but these had been made expressly for them, and by their own wonderful genius of a papa, who, although he was not at all an august being in their eyes, like mamma, was pronounced by these young critics to be able to do "some things better" even than that majestic personage, and whom they did not like the less because they could make a playfellow of him, a playfellow altogether such a one as themselves, inasmuch as he, like themselves, was liable to scoldings.

Whilst the other children got up their next day's lessons, Bobby, Sissy, Bluey, and Teddy sprawled on the hearthrug and put the elephants, cows, horses, donkeys, dogs, Highlanders, sailors, beaux, belles, and hand-in-hand infantry through a curious variety of evolutions, Teddy taking quite as much interest in them as any of his playmates, and forgetting for the time his fears about the future.

Meanwhile Mrs. Cole, with a pyramid of hosiery before her, severely darned stockings.

She was pleased that her little ones

were amused, but still she could not refrain from regarding their amuser, when her eyes condescended to fall upon him, with a cold look of scornful rebuke. "How did I ever come to wed that heedless, trifling baby?" she seemed to be asking herself. Teddy chanced once to catch this look in the midst of his play, and smitten with compunction by his wife's industry, he entreated her to put by her work and read the newspaper which he had brought home. "And will you mend the stockings, Mr. Cole?" she inquired in a solemnly sarcastic voice.

Poor little Teddy almost wished he could. He had a very humble opinion of his utility in the world, and his wife had a knack of making it still humbler.

Even when the children had gone to bed, and the pile of stockings had been finished, Mrs. Cole got out a garment of some kind and went on plying her needle with grim persistency, declining her husband's offer to read to her on the ground that she was too much racked with anxiety as to the fate of her dear children to have any time to attend to such frivolous matters as politics and general intelligence, or idle stories written for idle people.

After that Teddy could no longer enjoy the book he had taken up. At any rate, to read it under the severe eyes of a wife plying her needle, thread, and scissors, like the three Fates rolled into one, seemed to him next door to a crime. Accordingly he soon slipped off to bed, feeling very much ashamed of himself for being of so little use in the world. "Why, what could I do," thought Teddy, "if I were to lose the Lisbon? And perhaps I shall. It would be a comfort to have some real work to do. I should feel more like an honest man than I do now. But then it wouldn't be a comfort to have nothing at all to do, with such a family as I've got; and I shouldn't feel a bit more honest if I must either steal or let my children starve."

Teddy generally woke in a cheerful mood, however doleful had been his state of mind when he went to bed. As usual, next day, he delighted Sissy by feeding Bluey at breakfast time with scraps of his own toast. Sissy was not allowed to feed her cat at meal-times, and Teddy did it half upon the sly, as if not quite sure whether or not he had a right to do as he liked with his own bread and butter. He enabled Bobby, as usual, to take horse exercise in his own grounds, giving him, before going to business, a ride round the

back garden, as big as a decent-sized dinner-table, and the front garden rather bigger than a large hearthrug. He gave a cheery good-morning to his old acquaintances in Goldsmith's Row as he went by, but when he reached the square his spirits fell. He had scarcely got inside the lobby before Mrs. Slack informed him, "There was a gen'leman a-axin' for ye arter hoffice hours, an' a-wantin' to know where ye lived when you was at 'ome. I couldn't tell him, in course, for blest if I know, for all the time you've been 'ere."

Teddy did not tell her, he was too anxious to learn what the inquisitive gentleman was like; and when he ascertained from her description that it must have been Mr. Spott, he went up-stairs with a heavy heart, although with a springier tread than usual, as if trying to convince himself that he would find in his letter-box a better *raison d'être* than usual.

But the letter-box was empty, and the "social leader" in his paper (Teddy, to pass away the time, always reserved the long portions of his journal for office consumption, glancing at telegram headings and the briefest paragraphs only at breakfast time) chanced to be on the misuse of charities. No mention was made of the Lisbon in that incisive essay, and yet Teddy could only half persuade himself that he was not personally pointed at in the following paragraph: "Charity, verily, in such cases begins at home; in the hall or passage, that is, or on the doorstep, where a poor friend or relative is waiting, hat in hand. We have heard of an old gentleman so tender-hearted that he could not bear to scrunch a snail, and, therefore, he pitched those that he found feeding on his own cabbages over the wall into his neighbor's garden. There are many such benevolent old gentlemen amongst the managers of our benevolent institutions. They do not choose that the slimy snails which obtrude themselves upon them should spoil their own gardens, and so they tenderly drop them over the wall into Charity's. To change the figure, they lift lamed or lazy locusts on to any little bit of greenmeat within their reach, which does not belong to themselves, and then walk on complacently murmuring, 'Charity never faileth.'"

"Have I lived to be called a slimy snail, a lazy locust, and not to be quite sure whether I ain't?" thought Teddy; and the poor little fellow almost burst into tears.

As usual, on his half holiday, Teddy

took Sissy and Bobby on to the Downs, and at first, being, barring his responsibilities, almost as big a baby or as little a child as his youngsters, he was as pleased as they were with the boisterous sport of the parti-colored football players, and the games in which the three themselves indulged.

But after a time Teddy's spirits flagged, and instead of running he began to walk with so sedate a gait that Bobby was disgusted, and leaving his father and sister to pursue the even tenor of their way, hovered around them and made dashes at them like a Bedouin with hostile intentions against a slowly moving caravan.

"Why have they put wire round the lamps?" asked Sissy as they passed a lamp-post.

"Because the naughty boys used to throw stones and break the glass," answered Teddy.

"And the naughty girls too! No, they'd have been afraid of the policemen," cried Bobby, who just then ran up, and who was in the habit, when he heard boys blamed for anything, of first asserting that the other sex were equally to blame, and then of finding in the misdeed proof of a virtue beyond the reach of womankind.

"Ah Bobby," said his father, "I'm afraid women are the best. Anyhow, I hope *you'll* grow up to be some good in the world. I ain't much."

"You're the best old paps that ever was," shouted Bobby indignantly, as he darted off once more, leaving Sissy to enjoy the, in his eyes, very tame delight of recounting all the marvellous exploits which Bluey had performed since the morning. Bobby was very fond of his little sister, and never tormented her kitten intentionally, but still he looked upon them both as, in different measures, inferior: animals. Positive — cat; comparative — girl; superlative — boy; were Bobby's degrees of comparison.

Generally Sunday was a bright day with Teddy. He could spend the whole day with his family without any prickings of conscience. On other days he felt inferior to his male neighbors who were getting on in the world in definitely useful callings, but on that day he could do at least as much for his children as any of them could do for theirs. Even Mrs. Cole made Sunday a *diez non* to care. The day was, so to speak, a little island in the poor woman's life, on which she reposed gratefully after her tossing on the week-day sea. Stockings then ceased from troubling, and account-books were at

rest. She and hers could worship God on equal terms with their most prosperous neighbors; and on Sundays it was not necessary to keep up her usual silent or hinted protest against the uselessness of her husband. It could stand at ease until Monday morning came. He could not be working for his family on Sunday, poor fellow.

This change of attitude was very agreeable to Teddy, who for six days and nights had constantly to be on his guard lest he should provoke the looked or uttered scorn of the "porcupine" he had taken to his bosom — as Teddy sometimes, mentally only, characterized Mrs. Cole, when his wife's behavior had stung him into a secret outburst of poetry, or at least impassioned prose. But on this Sunday Mrs. Cole happened to be so especially — not exactly cheerful, but non-gloomy, that Teddy lost much of the peace of his Sunday, owing to his compunction at the thought of the fresh trouble which he felt sure was hanging over her and every one belonging to him.

Before the year was out his forebodings were verified. Teddy received pay for two quarters instead of one on Christmas Eve, and an intimation that his committee no longer required his services. Mr. Spott had been making himself most unpleasantly — most impertinently, the committee thought — busy in his inquiries into the administration of the Fund, and they had determined, at any rate, to get rid of their secretary. When the chairman gave his old friend his dismissal, he spoke in an annoyed, distant tone, which made Teddy afraid to ask him to use his influence to procure him another situation.

Teddy looked very terrified when he first learned that he was to be sent adrift; then he felt glad that he was free from the Lisbon, anyhow, once more an honestly hard-working man *in posse*; then doubts troubled him as to the *in fore*, and he once more became downcast; and then the thought that when he had paid his Christmas bills — at least, such proportion of them as he usually paid on account — he would still have a quarter's salary in his pocket, once more raised his spirits, and he determined to say nothing about what had happened until his little Christmas holidays were over. The frosty air, *plus* money not immediately wanted, braced him up.

"Who can tell what may happen before then? 'It's a poor soul that never rejoices,'" said Teddy; and on the strength

of his quarter's salary in lieu of a quarter's notice, he bought his wife and children Christmas presents which astonished them, and gave his little maiden of the period, when she was summoned into the little parlor on the stroke of twelve to drink to Father Christmas's arrival a glassful of hot elder wine, a Christmas box which made her reproach herself for having ever called him Teddy in contempt, however kindly. But as the end of his regular holiday drew near, and Teddy called to mind how long his vacation might continue, he could no longer keep up his Christmas cheeriness. The evening before the day on which, in the ordinary course of things, he would have returned to business, he was so low-spirited that, when the children had gone to bed, his wife cross-examined him, and discovered the secret of his depression.

"My words, then, have come true, Mr. Cole," she exclaimed. "We may as well hand over the little money we have left to the parish, and go into the house at once. To think that a man with a wife and family, who has lost his situation through his own fault, should for a whole fortnight have been playing like a baby, instead of rushing about, leaving no stone unturned to get a crust to save his poor children from starving! After all, though, it does not matter; it would have done no good. It is plain to me that you will never get a situation again, now that you have thrown away the one you had. I always said how it would be, and now my words have come true."

"Make a good breakfast whilst you can get one, my poor children," said Mrs. Cole next morning, looking sternly at Teddy, who had been feeding Bluey, as if the toast he gave her were bread literally taken out of his children's mouths.

The children looked puzzled.

"Your father is not going to business to-day," Mrs. Cole explained.

"Hooray!" shouted Bobby. "Then you can rig my ship, paps!"

"Your father has no business to go to any longer, unfortunate child," Mrs. Cole further explained.

Poor little Teddy soon rushed out in search of one.

For some weeks Teddy kept up his heart and hope, and zigzagged about like a cracker, in search of situations. As a hen will ruffle up her feathers against a hawk in defence of her young ones, so Teddy, to find food for his, although naturally one of the quietest and most modest of little men, plucked up courage to go in

for appointments the most inharmonious with his idiosyncrasy and accomplishments. A county chief-constableness, with a horse and forage, a City editorship, a West End club secretaryship, and a West Coast of African Education directorship, were some of the posts he applied for. He was very disappointed when he did not get the last. The climate was so deadly that he thought he would have no competitors, and get a comfortable pension for his wife and children, who were to be left at home during his brief tenure of office — perchance, if exceptionally fortunate, might obtain a retiring pension which he could share with them; and he had thought also that, however limited his literary acquirements might be, he could, at any rate, see that little black boys got their ABC taught them properly.

But as his money melted away, together with the snow, he lost his hopefulness. The promise of spring brought him no promise of employment. He had tried for it right and left in vain. It seemed no good to go out any more, and yet what good could he do by staying at home? He moped too much now to be any amusement to the children, and felt doubly useless when sitting still in the presence of his wife, whose hands were never idle.

One day he was mooning along in the Strand, glancing enviously at the scores who passed him rapidly on business errands, when whom should he see but Mr. Francis Spott!

When first dismissed, with money in his pocket and hope in his heart, Teddy, it has been said, had felt almost grateful to that gentleman for having been the means of delivering him from his false position in the office of the Lisbon, but it was with very different feelings that he now regarded him.

Mr. Spott, however, recognized and spoke kindly to Teddy, and finding how matters stood, invited him to step to Sepulchre Chambers, hard by.

"Why didn't you apply to me, Mr. Cole?" said Mr. Spott. "Don't you remember I told you to refer to me? I took for granted that your friend had given or found you a new situation long ago. Well, as I was the means of your losing your last, I should have been glad under any circumstances to have fallen in with you, and just now it is a great convenience to me. Minding other people's business involves me in a great deal of correspondence. I'm not big gun enough to talk about keeping a private secretary, but I

want a confidential corresponding clerk, and you would be just the man for me, if you would take the place. Mind, it isn't made for you; I shall expect good *bona fide* work — longish hours at times — but I can afford to give you a trifle more than you got from your Relief Fund. You can begin to-day — at once, if you like."

I scarcely need add that Teddy's pen was soon scratching on Mr. Spott's paper. When office hours were over, he trotted to St. Paul's Churchyard. Mrs. Cole had long pointed out with martyr like resignation the shabbiness of her bonnet, and in a shop in the Churchyard Teddy had noticed one which had excited his wish to buy it for her, much as he might have desired to purchase a bright particular star.

Now, however, Teddy bore it off in a box in triumph, and bearing also a bag of buns, almost as big as a small corn-sack, for the youngsters, he indulged in the farther extravagance of taking an omnibus from the city. When Teddy emptied the bun-bag like a shower-bath on the tea-table, and hung the peerless bonnet on his wife's comb, she thought he had gone mad.

"And have you actually been spending money on bonnets and buns, when your poor children may soon be wanting bread, Mr. Cole?" she exclaimed.

"All right, my dear!" he answered, with unwonted confidence, feeling himself master of the situation. "I'll look after the children. Here's a bun for Bluey, Sissy; and now put the bonnet on properly, my dear, and tell me how you like it."

But first Teddy had to tell his news.

"Oh, thank God!" sobbed his poor wife; and for the first time during her married life, she indulged in the weakness of a public flood of tears.

Although it was stocking-darning night, and the stockings were not neglected, it seemed to Teddy as if old times had come again, as he sat chatting with his wife over the imposing but gradually sinking pile.

RICHARD ROWE.

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From The Times, Oct. 22 and 23.  
SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

ON Wednesday next, the 24th inst, Sir Moses Montefiore enters on his hundredth year. It is nearly fifty years since he was sheriff of London, an important distinction in his case, in 1837, in the first year of the queen's reign, when Catholic emancipation was only eight years old,

and Jewish Parliamentary disabilities had still before them a twenty-one years' lease of life. Although Sir Moses Montefiore earned half a century ago, by his personal activity, the right to be honored, not only as a philanthropist, but as among the first who proved that the Hebrew religion was no bar to positions of public usefulness, he has now lived to so great an age, enjoying universal respect, that it is his longevity which most strikes the mind.

Whatever may be the history of the coming of the Montefiores to Italy, the first fact as to which the tradition of the family is clear and undoubting is that they settled in Leghorn. The wise tolerance of the Medici had raised this city from an obscure town to one of the greatest ports of Italy; and the Jews were so influential in its markets that a writer in the early part of the eighteenth century could relate that the inhabitants generally, Jew and Gentile, observed the Jewish Sabbath as a day of rest from business. The Jews had their cemetery near the glaciis, where Protestants and Turks were also permitted, by the unusual favor of the Catholic rulers, to bury their dead. Israelites wore no yellow gaberline or other distinctive badge, an exemption noted by travellers of those days who could not find a parallel to it anywhere, except in Amsterdam and London. The Jewish population of Leghorn was estimated at ten thousand towards the end of the seventeenth century; in our own time the Leghorn Jews have migrated to other parts of free Italy, but still number seven thousand in the Tuscan port. The birth of Moses Montefiore in Leghorn on October 24, 1784, is attested by the register of the congregation, which, according to the copy of it recently quoted by us from the *Jewish Chronicle*, places it on the 9th of the Hebrew month Heshvan in that year. The venerable baronet himself is accustomed to celebrate his birthday on the 8th of the same month, and the discrepancy is explained by supposing that he was born after the hour of sunset on the 8th. It appears from the entry that the philanthropist's full name was Moses Haim Montefiore. Montefiore's grandfather, Moses Vita Montefiore, had already settled in England, the father and mother of the philanthropist lived in London and were in Italy merely on a journey when their eldest son, Moses, was born to them at Leghorn. The second name of the grandfather (Vita) is a translation of the same common Jewish name Haim, or Hyam (in English "Life") which was the grandson's second name.



Moses Vita Montefiore, the grandfather of Sir Moses, married a young wife in Leghorn in 1752, and settled in England as a merchant trading with Italy. He lived and died in Philpot Lane in the heart of the city of London, after having become the father of a family worthy of the patriarchs — seventeen children. He had a country retreat in the then suburban district of Bethnal Green. The most famous of the children of Moses Vita Montefiore was Joshua Montefiore, who served in the British army, took part in the unfortunate expedition to Bulam, Sierra Leone, became a notary, wrote the "Commercial Dictionary," and other notarial and legal works, and settled in the United States. Joseph Elias Montefiore, another of the sons, was a merchant in London, dealt chiefly with Italy, and had a specialty for Leghorn straw bonnets. He married Rachel, daughter of Abraham Mocatta, one of a well-known family of Hispano-Moorish Jews, founders of the bullion house of Mocatta and Goldsmid. Joseph Elias Montefiore went to Italy to buy goods; his young wife persuaded her husband to take her with him. Moses Mocatta, her brother, accompanied them. Mrs. Montefiore gave birth at Leghorn (on the 24th of October, 1784) to Moses Montefiore, who was the eldest of a family of eight children. The parents of Moses Montefiore were persons of moderate means; he left school early, and went into business in the City. His parents lived at Kennington, and young Montefiore, in the days when the French invasion was thought imminent, enrolled himself as a volunteer in the Surrey Militia. He attained the rank of captain. Moses Montefiore was a tall and handsome young man of amiable and engaging disposition, and his personal popularity aided him in the career which he ultimately chose — that of the Stock Exchange — where much depends upon the opinion which "the House" as a body forms of its members. Moses Montefiore was first, however, apprenticed to a firm dealing largely in the provision trade. He entered the Stock Exchange, and became one of the twelve Jewish brokers licensed by the City. Acting as a broker without the license, though a not uncommon practice then as now, subjected and subjects the offender to a fine of £500, payable to the City chamberlain for every transaction. In 1812 he made a very happy marriage. It was also a union which showed his independence of mind and superiority to the prejudices which then prevailed. His

family had joined, as immigrants from Italy usually did join, the Sephardim or Spanish Congregation. He, however, wedded an Ashkenazi or German Jewess. The line of demarcation between the two "nations," as they were called, was then strongly marked, they had but recently agreed to meet together to assert their common interests as Jews in the Board of Deputies, and marriages between them were still infrequent. Judith, afterwards Lady Montefiore, the daughter of Levy Barent Cohen, a wealthy and benevolent London merchant, was a person of cultivated mind, much industry, and literary attainments. She entertained for her husband, as may be seen from her interesting diaries privately printed of the journeys to the East which she undertook with him, the deepest admiration and affection. To her her husband bowed his head affectionately every Sabbath eve, as he recited in prayer the words from Proverbs, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." The death of Lady Montefiore on September 25, 1862, was a great blow to her husband. He built in her memory a college at Ramsgate, where veteran rabbis, maintained by his benevolence, pass their lives in prayer and study of the law. He also founded in her memory prizes and scholarships for girls and boys at all the Jewish public schools. The Jewish community established in her honor the Judith Lady Montefiore Convalescent Home at South Norwood. The beloved helpmate and companion of fifty years was buried at Ramsgate, close by the Synagogue, on the landward side of the ridge of a high cliff, overlooking the sea; the mausoleum which encloses her remains is an exact copy of the tomb of Rachel, which stands on the road from Bethlehem to Jerusalem. Within it burns a perpetual lamp.

Lady Montefiore's sister Hannah (whose name is preserved in the family by Lady Roseberry) had married Mr. N. M. Rothschild, the able son of the first great financier of Frankfort, and himself the founder of the English house of Rothschild. Abraham Montefiore, a brother of Sir Moses, his partner in business on the Stock Exchange, wedded as his second wife, Henrietta, the sister of N. M. Rothschild, and thus there was a triple bond of union between the families. Mr. N. M. Rothschild lived in New Court, St. Swithin's Lane. Montefiore dwelt in another house in New Court, and there was warm friendship between the two families. Mr. Rothschild admitted his wife's broth-

ers-in-law to a participation in his gigantic and well-devised enterprises. He was the first man in England to have news of the escape from Elba, and the battle of Waterloo; his pigeon-post from Dover brought early intelligence of every important Continental event, and he purchased Consols when the market was throwing them away. The European wars, and the first French indemnity, gave financiers of ability opportunities of acquiring fortunes with unexampled speed. Abraham Montefiore died very wealthy. He had plunged deeper into the speculations of the Stock Exchange than his brother Moses Montefiore, who had the prudence to leave that dangerous arena with a sufficient fortune, and retired from business in the midway of life, as Benjamin Disraeli the elder had in the previous century. "Thank God, be content," said his beloved wife, and he obeyed her. He took a continued interest in two or three great companies of which he was a principal founder. Sir Moses Montefiore was the first president of the Alliance British and Foreign Life and Fire Insurance Company (established with the aid of special legislation in 1824), and of the Alliance Marine Assurance Company, founded in the same year, but registered as a limited company in 1881. He has told the story of the foundation of the Alliance. The Guardian office had been successfully set on foot in 1821, but the number of insurance offices in London and Westminster was still very small compared with the present list. Mr. N. M. Rothschild had some shares in the Guardian, and as he was going one day to the office to receive dividends Montefiore walked with him. The conversation turned on the nature and development of insurance business, they agreed that their own friends could supply a useful *clientèle*, and on the suggestion mainly of Montefiore, the two allies resolved to form a new insurance company. Mr. Samuel Gurney was one of their first recruits. He brought a valuable Quaker connection, and the first directorate comprised many of the names best known in the city. The office profited by a curious fact in vital statistics, which was at that time not generally understood. Its life policies naturally included a good many Jewish lives, admitted at rates determined by ordinary actuarial tables. It has now been ascertained that, owing either to their temperance and their dietary laws, or to other causes, the average longevity of Jews is somewhat greater than that of the rest of the population in western

Europe. An insurance office which had a large number of such clients would, therefore, start with a certain advantage, since the longer the life of the insured the better is, of course, the bargain for the office. The Imperial Continental Gas Association, which extended the system of gas-lighting to the principal European cities, was another of Sir Moses Montefiore's foundations. It is now one of the most prosperous of commercial undertakings, but for many years Sir Moses accepted not a penny of profit, and he was often pressed to bring its operations to an end. Sir Moses, however, had faith in the future, and retains the shares which were originally allotted to him. Of the institutions mentioned he is still president, and gives an annual dinner to all those employed in the London establishments of these societies. Sir Moses Montefiore was also one of the original directors of the Provincial Bank of Ireland, which was established in 1825 to take advantage of the removal of restrictions on banking in Ireland, effected by an act of 1824. In his capacity of president and a trustee of the Alliance Company, Sir Moses Montefiore's name comes often into the law reports. Thus he was (with Mr. Samuel Gurney) an appellant in the case of "Montefiore v. Brown" in the House of Lords in 1858, which was really a suit between the Alliance Company and other incumbrancers on Lord Oranmore's estates; and was plaintiff in the action of *Montefiore v. Lloyd* in 1863 — an action brought by the Alliance Company to enforce a bond for the fidelity of an agent. In this case his nephew, Mr. Arthur Cohen, now Q.C. and M.P., for many years standing counsel to the Alliance Company, held one of his earliest important briefs, being junior to the late Lord Justice Lush.

Sir Moses Montefiore's candidature for the shrievalty repeated the success of his friend, the late Sir David Salomons, who was sheriff in 1835, but had been unable to take the oaths till Lord Campbell passed a special act to relieve him, as Lyndhurst did with a like object ten years later, when the sheriff of 1835 became Alderman Salomons. It was not till 1858 that Baron Lionel de Rothschild, who had been repeatedly returned by the City, was allowed to take his seat in Parliament. The accession of the queen in the year (1837) in which Sir Moses served as sheriff for London and Middlesex secured him the honor of knighthood. The young Princess Victoria had often, while

staying with the Duchess of Kent at Broadstairs, rambled in the picturesque grounds of East Cliff Lodge, Sir Moses's house, and it was probably as agreeable to her Majesty to give the accolade to her dignified and courteous host at Thanet as to confer a baronetcy at the same time upon the lord mayor, Alderman Wood, Queen Caroline's and the Duke of Kent's staunch old friend. On Sir Moses's return from his mission to the East in favor of the Jews of Damascus, in 1840, the queen as a distinguished recognition of his services to humanity, gave him leave to bear supporters to his arms—an honor usually reserved to peers and knights of orders; and in 1846, on his return from a similar pilgrimage to Russia, her Majesty, on the recommendation of the late Sir Robert Peel, made him a baronet. Sir Moses assumed for his arms, in affectionate remembrance of that Eastern land of his ancestors towards which he turned three times every day in prayer, a cedar of Lebanon between two mountains of flowers (*monti di fiori*). He bears also a forked pennon inscribed "Jerusalem" in Hebrew characters; his motto is, "Think and Thank"—a legend which hardly does justice to a long life devoted as much to action as to meditation and gratitude. He is a magistrate for Middlesex and Kent, commissioner of lieutenantancy for the city of London, and deputy lieutenant for Kent. He was high sheriff for the latter county in 1847, having bought from the representatives of Lord Keith his estate of East Cliff in 1830. It is a white Gothic house, as "Gothic" was understood at the beginning of the century, sheltered from the north by trees and rising ground, with lawns sloping to the edge of the cliff, and with subterranean passages in the chalk leading down to the beach, which local legends (it is the Ingoldsby country) point to as the work of smugglers. The excavations are also ascribed to the yachting tastes of his noble predecessor, Viscount Keith, better known as Admiral Elphinstone, who won the Cape of Good Hope from the Dutch and his first peerage from George III. before the close of the eighteenth century. When Sir Moses Montefiore bought East Cliff he had already (1824) removed his London residence to Grosvenor Gate, Park Lane, on the Westminster estate, which was then pausing on the eastern side of the Park in its wonderful development. The row of houses was unfinished when Mr. Moses Montefiore took up his residence there. The mansions of Park Lane were creep-

ing up from Piccadilly but slowly towards Tyburn Fields. Five years later (in 1829) there were only two considerable houses north of Mr. Montefiore's, one belonging to Lady Charles Bentinck and the other to the Duke of Somerset.

Sir Moses had occupied East Cliff Lodge, Ramsgate, before he purchased the fee. One of the first uses to which he put the land when it became his own was the building of a synagogue, which is open to all the world. The first stone was laid in 1831, and it was opened in 1833, so that this year is its jubilee. At festive seasons he delighted, while Lady Montefiore was living, to ask home to his hospitable house visitors who attended the temple.

It is as yet, fortunately, too early to write at length the chronicle of Sir M. Montefiore's life. The record is one of unwearying devotion to one high ideal, that of benefiting his fellow-creatures. It is natural that the intercessions by which he is principally known were in favor of his own brethren. Their wants were more pressing, they were less cared for by others, they concerned him most nearly. But, although his charity began at home, many acts of unsectarian benevolence have become known. Every Mansion House list includes his name, nearly every secretary of a benevolent society knows his fine Italian hand and legible though occasionally tremulous signature. The year of office which he served as sheriff of London with Sir G. Carroll was distinguished by the large collections made for the city charities, and by the complete absence of capital punishment. The sheriffs, with the assistance of a lady highly placed, procured a reprieve for the only criminal condemned to death. His local benefactions to the poor of Ramsgate have won him unbounded popularity in that ancient member of the Cinque Ports. There the clergy of the various denominations are his almoners. He has given subscriptions towards churches and chapels, and procured benefices for deserving clergymen.

Seven times Moses Montefiore has visited the sacred soil of Palestine, where his brethren crowded round him, kissing the hem of his garment, and whole cities went out to meet him for miles along the way. Hebrew odes were composed in his honor, and special sermons preached. These greetings continued on the way to and from the Holy Land. In Palestine Sir Moses has endowed hospitals and almshouses, set on foot agricultural enterprises, planted gardens, dug wells, con-

structed aqueducts, built synagogues and tombs. The last of these pilgrimages was so recent as in 1875, when he was already at the age of ninety-one. His earlier visits were made in company with his wife, and under travelling conditions very different from those which now render a trip to the Holy Land a journey easily accomplished. He had to charter vessels at an exorbitant rate and to seek the convoy of an English sloop to protect him from the pirates of the Levant. On one occasion earthquake, on others plague devastated the country, and made the benefactions of the travellers more than ever welcome.

Having fortunately survived the most dangerous illness of his life, an attack of carbuncle, in 1833, treated with the knife by Sir Aston Key, who went specially to Ramsgate for the purpose, Mr. Montefiore was, in 1835, chosen president of the Board of Deputies of British Jews, and henceforth performed his most important acts in its name. In 1836 he became a fellow of the Royal Society, being elected, as was not unusual at that date, as "a gentleman much attached to science and its practical use." His share in the introduction of gas-lighting gave some claim to distinction. Immediately after his being relieved from the responsibilities of his office of sheriff, in November, 1838, Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore started on their second voyage to the Holy Land. On the way they saw the ceremony of the pope's blessing the palms, visited the seven synagogues of Rome, attended worship in one of them, and heard the Passover service from Dr. L. Loewe, now of Broadstairs, a learned student of Eastern languages and antiquities, henceforth the companion and secretary of Sir Moses on his journeys and at Ramsgate. At Malta, where they met Prince George of Cambridge, now commander-in-chief, news met them that the plague was raging at Jerusalem, and Sir Moses proposed to proceed alone. "This," writes Lady Montefiore, "I peremptorily resisted, and the expressions of Ruth furnished my heart at the moment with the language it most desired to use, 'Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and whither thou lodgest I will lodge.'" From Beyrout they rode, bearing their tents with them, into the Holy Land. One night they had to sleep in their rugs, two Europeans remaining on the watch with pistols ready. The Jews of Palestine received the travellers with joy. Here they kept

Pentecost, distributed alms, and concerted with the rabbis as to purchasing land for the purpose of employing the youthful inhabitants in agriculture. They entered the Holy City escorted by a long troop of Turkish soldiers, whom the governor had assembled in order to do honor to the friend of the Egyptian, then lord of Syria. Sir Moses obtained permission from Mehemet Ali for Jews to acquire and cultivate land. Next year, however, Sultan Mahmoud made a vigorous attempt to recover Syria from the Egyptians; in 1840 they were defeated at Beyrout, Acre was bombarded, and Syria was surrendered to the Turks.

Early in 1840 the well-worn blood accusation, the "red spectre" of the Jews, had risen against them in the East. We have recently seen in Hungary how easily such a charge can obtain credence, and how baseless it may be proved on an impartial judicial investigation. In Rhodes a Greek boy had disappeared; in Damascus a Capuchin friar, Il Padre Tommaso, and his servant. The cry was raised (perhaps at Damascus by the real murderers) that the Jews had killed these persons in order to use their blood in kneading Passover cakes. In Damascus the gravity of the situation was increased by the French consul, representative of a great nation which treated its native Jews with perfect justice, having thrown his weight into the scale against the unfortunate Hebrews of Damascus, in order that France might pose as protector of Catholics in the East. Sir Moses held a conference at his house in Park Lane, which was followed by a public meeting at the Mansion House. In addition to many political personages of that day, Daniel O'Connell and the poet Campbell were among those who assembled under the presidency of the lord mayor. Resolutions were passed declaring the incredibility of the charges to the English public. Lord Palmerston promised to a deputation the active assistance of the Foreign Office. Sir Moses Montefiore went as the delegate of his brethren to demand a fair trial for the accused Israelites. He was accompanied as far as Egypt by Adolphe Crémieux, then a busy advocate at the French bar and vice-president of the Central Consistory, afterwards president of the Council of Ministers of the French Republic. He left London on July 7, and learnt on the way the honorable acquittal on a trial at Constantinople of the Jews of Rhodes; but the difficulties of the Damascus affair were increased by political combinations.

At Alexandria Sir Moses had the support of all the consuls, headed by Colonel Hodges, except the French consul; but as France was then leading the ruler of Egypt to look to her for aid against his suzerain of Constantinople the exception was of great importance. Three Israelites had died under torture, but nine remained in captivity. A public trial proved unattainable; the accused were at length released, a general order that local governors should protect the Hebrews from persecution was issued from Cairo, and Mehemet Ali declared his disbelief in the charge. For want of a public trial the calumny died hard. Years afterwards Sir Moses found at Damascus a stone in a Roman Catholic Church to Il Padre Tommaso, described in the inscription as murdered by the Jews. The stone told its lying tale till in an attack of Moslems upon Christians in 1860 the Church and all its monuments were destroyed by fire.

As soon as he had procured at Alexandria the release of the Damascus Jews, Sir Moses Montefiore proceeded to Constantinople. The sultan was embarrassed by no extraordinary friendliness to France, and Sir Moses obtained a success of the most brilliant and enduring character. On November 12, 1840, Reschid Pasha delivered to him on the part of Abd-ul-Medjid a firman signed by the sultan, in which he examined the grounds of the ancient prejudice against the Jews, recapitulated the acquittal of the Jews of Rhodes, discussed the Biblical maxim which prohibits Israelites from using even the blood of animals, and dismissed as groundless the charge that they employ human blood. The Commander of the Faithful proceeded to declare the equality before the law of the Jewish nation with his other subjects, commanded that they should be protected and defended, and forbade any molestation of them in their religious or temporal concerns. This firman of the 12th Ramazan, 1256, has often subsequently been of the greatest service in averting trouble to the Jews in various parts of the Ottoman Empire.

The years which followed were the most debatable of Sir Moses's public life. Holding deeply rooted orthodox opinions, he opposed the Reform party who, led by the Goldsmids and some members of his own family, formed the congregation of British Jews and now have a synagogue in Berkeley Street. While he has always professed himself a Conservative Sir Moses has promoted progress among backward communities

of Jews, as in Palestine and Poland. He has always, however, urged gradual progress and respect to constituted authorities; sudden changes he fears and deprecates. The English schism of 1841 seemed to him the result of desiring too great and sudden a change in public worship. In this he differed from many good men.

After the sultan, Sir Moses Montefiore visited his hereditary rival the czar. The conquest of Lithuania and Poland had brought three millions of Jews beneath the Muscovite dominion. In his haste to rule over a homogeneous people, the czar, neglecting the effectual solvents of tolerance and equality, attempted to assimilate the Jews to the Russians by carrying off their sons in great numbers to serve in the army and navy. The regular conscription was enforced with severity, and those who lived near the frontier sought to escape into Austria, Prussia, or the Danubian principalities. In 1845 the emperor issued a ukase in which he ordered all Jewish families living within fifty versts of the frontier to be removed into the interior. In the wintry weather of February and March, 1846, Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore travelled to St. Petersburg, occupying more than a month on the journey. On the road they heard the howling of hungry packs of wolves, and had to keep a gong sounding to frighten them away. The commercial stagnation which the decree would have brought about had by now been foreseen. The ukase was first abrogated and then suspended. The philanthropist has described his audience of Czar Nicholas. "His Majesty said," Sir Moses wrote to a friend in London, "I should have the satisfaction of taking with me his assurances and the assurances of his ministers that he was most desirous for the improvement of my co religionists in his empire, and that object engaged his attention at present. His Majesty also intimated a desire that I should visit the towns in which they are most numerous to study their wants and requirements." The czar in this conversation referred to the concentration of the Jews in a few over-populated provinces and to a plan formed by him, and since carried into effect somewhat too sparingly, of disseminating them. He admitted that he had in his army one hundred thousand brave Israelites — "veritable Maccabees" he called them, and said there was no law to prevent them from becoming officers, although in practice they did not acquire military rank.



He expressed the hope that many would obtain promotion, and advised Sir Moses to prevail on his co-religionists to lay aside their peculiar customs — customs which are the natural results of the isolation enforced upon them.

The next few years were spent in peaceful labors at home in superintending Jewish education, in securing the insertion of proper clauses protecting Jewish marriages in the Marriage Act, etc. A remarkable instance of the trust reposed in Sir Moses by his brethren was afforded in the will of Judah Touro, a wealthy Israelite of New Orleans, who while leaving large sums to the poor of that city, bequeathed fifty thousand dollars to Montefiore to be applied as Sir Moses thought fit for the benefit of the Jews in the Holy Land.

The outbreak of the Russian war in 1853 brought about a famine in Jerusalem. In the early part of 1854 snow lay deep on the hills and filled the streets; the slippery mountain tracks could not be traversed by camels; neither food nor fuel found its way into the city. The Jews had to make their customarily heavy presents to the local authorities, and failed, in consequence of the war, to receive the usual contributions from their brethren abroad. Many perished of want. The chief rabbi of Jerusalem himself started for Europe to obtain relief for his starving flock, but died at Alexandria. In England, Dr. Adler and Sir Moses Montefiore issued an appeal, and collected about £20,000. After satisfying pressing needs by remittances in advance, Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore made a journey to Palestine in 1855. They passed through Constantinople, where a firman enabling Sir Moses to purchase land in Palestine was procured from the sultan by the aid of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. On the territory thus acquired Sir Moses built the Touro almshouses and a windmill. He opened a girls' school and an industrial school, and had the public slaughtering-place removed from the Jewish quarter, where offal had been suffered to accumulate from the days of Caliph Omar, to a place without the city. Agricultural colonies were established at Safed and Tiberias. Mr. and Mrs. Haim Guedalla, relatives of Sir Moses, accompanied this expedition. Other visits to Jerusalem were paid in 1849 with Colonel Gawler, in 1857 and in 1866 with Mr. Joseph Sebag, Sir Moses's nephew, and Mrs. Sebag.

In 1859 Sir Moses was in correspondence with Mr. Gladstone, then high commissioner to the Ionian Islands. Sir Moses wrote that he had been deputed to solicit that Mr. Gladstone would take into kind consideration the political and social condition of the Jews in the Ionian Islands.

In 1861 the correspondence bore fruit. During the commissionership of Sir E. Storks, Athanasios, metropolitan of Corfu, issued an encyclical pointing out that harsh treatment of the Jews was totally at variance with the faith of Christ. The Jews of the Ionian Isles, as well as on the Hellenic mainland, now live on excellent terms socially and politically with Greeks of the dominant creed.

Sir Moses crossed the desert to the city of Morocco in 1863, and obtained the sultan's promise of protection for the Israelites. He was too weak to ride, but travelled for eight days in a *chaise à porteur*, over burning sands, being then at the age of seventy-nine. The Moors saw with surprise one of the despised Hebrews arrive in an English government vessel, and escorted to the capital by British officers. The sultan's edict, though often violated, has remained a pledge and *point d'appui* for remonstrance. He went to Roumania in 1867, though threatened with assassination at Bucharest. In 1871 he opened a subscription as president of the Board of Deputies for the relief of famine among the Jews in Persia. A sum of £17,975 was distributed through Mr. Alison, the British minister at Teheran. In 1872, on the occasion of the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Peter the Great, Sir Moses Montefiore went to St. Petersburg and there presented an address of congratulation to Alexander II., the emancipator of the serfs. The czar came to the Winter Palace from the scene of the summer manoeuvres on purpose to avoid causing fatigue to his distinguished visitor; talked English fluently with Sir Moses, referred to the audience with the czar Nicholas, his father, in 1846, and gave the most gracious assurances. Sir Moses was gratified to find a remarkable improvement in the position of the Jews since his earlier visit. He saw Israelites who had been decorated by the emperor, conversed with Jewish merchants, literary men, editors of Russian periodicals, artisans, and persons who had formerly served in the imperial army, all of whom expressed satisfaction with their position. "The

Jews," he wrote, "now dress like any gentlemen in England, France, or Germany; their schools are well attended, and they are foremost in every honorable enterprise." He found synagogues in which sermons were preached in Russian and in German; but mentions also that he has in his possession "beautiful maps, with all the modern improvements, in which the cities, villages, mountains, rivers, railways, etc., all appear in Hebrew; and several educational works on history, geography, grammar, natural philosophy, and physics, also published in the Hebrew language, to enable those who are yet unacquainted with the national language to advance their education in all useful secular subjects." Sir Moses has lived to see retrogression in the treatment of the Jews in Russia, and has had the melancholy duty of sending relief to the victims of popular turbulence and official neglect or worse in that empire. In October, 1874, on Sir Moses retiring from the presidency of the Board of Deputies, a fund was raised as a testimonial to his high character and public services. A sum of over £12,000 was collected. Sir Moses, on being consulted, expressed a wish that it should be devoted to public works for the improvement of the condition of the Jews in the Holy Land, and accordingly the committee have temporarily invested it on loan to building societies there, the want of suitable residences in Jerusalem having forcibly struck Sir Moses on his sixth visit. Movements have now been set on foot, not only in London and Ramsgate, but also in the United States, Australia (where there are townships named "Montefiore"), and in Italy, to commemorate in some similar manner the distinguished humanitarian's hundredth year.

The seventh journey of Sir Moses Montefiore to Palestine was undertaken in 1875, and has been described by himself under the head of "Forty Days' Sojourn in the Holy Land," a most interesting diary of a nonagenarian. He tells us how he was entertained at Jaffa by Mr. Amzalak, British vice-consul, son of his almoner in Jerusalem in 1838.

He finds his garden at Jaffa containing nine hundred fruit trees, but that it requires an English or French gardener, a house, mules for the water-wheel, and European vegetables and fruit to supply the market at Port Said. A crowd of the poor turn out to work the wheel in his presence till the tank is filled to overflowing. He gives a dramatic description of the moonlight ride by a rocky road to

Jerusalem and the threatening approach at full gallop of Bedouins, who turned out to be rabbis come to learn the time of his entering the Holy City. Near his own windmill, built many years before, he is pleased to observe two windmills recently added by Greeks, who derive, as he is told, a profit from them. Great is his delight, when he considers that a few years ago not one Jewish family was living outside the gate of Jerusalem, to see a new Jerusalem springing up, with buildings some of them as fine as any in Europe. He is welcomed by great throngs of people, is charmed with their industrious habits, learns that there are twenty-eight synagogues and eleven thousand Jews in Jerusalem, finds among them Russian Jews who have been decorated with medals for bravery and embraced by the czar himself, and sees Turkish officers present at a synagogue service in pledge of unity. He carefully examines all the schools in modern as well as in religious subjects through Dr. Loewe, receives favorable reports, but requests managers and pupils to confer with himself on further improvements. The custom of sending presents of bread and wine to the visitor to the Holy City still prevails, and many a flask of old Hebron wine, and many a cake of the best graced his Sabbath table. He receives descriptions of some of the sixteen charities of the German congregation and of three building societies. Distressing accounts reach him of the spread of cholera; he desires to cause several houses to be whitewashed and a number of streets to be cleansed, removing the refuse out of the city, but cannot get any one to do the work. He receives favorable reports as to the soup kitchen, the Rothschild Hospital, etc. A deputation of Armenian priests waits on him to express the friendly sentiments of the patriarch. He sees an emissary from Arabia Felix, who has come to implore the sultan's protection for the Jews there, and is much pleased to make the acquaintance of two editors of as many newspapers published in Jerusalem. He refuses to believe recent reports to the prejudice of the Jews in the Holy Land. Returning to Jaffa he is pleased with the French garden there. His final advice to his European brethren is that they should build houses in Jerusalem, Safed, Tiberias, and Hebron. If that undertaking prospers, land can, he adds, easily be bought, and many found who would be most willing to follow agricultural pursuits.

This year he sent help to the Hungarian

Jews, accused at Nyireghyaza, and a copy of the firman of 1840 to every Hungarian deputy. With the help of an English amanuensis and a foreign secretary, he maintains a voluminous correspondence in Hebrew and modern languages, and is punctilious in offering congratulation and condolence by telegram to his old friends. The portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone hang beside his fireplace; "God bless them," he said, when a visitor referred to the originals having passed in a maritime trip before his windows. Much of his work has been done in his Gothic library, a long apartment adjoining his own room, filled with portraits and busts of his friends. If a visitor stays to dine at this season, the meal is served in the Tabernacle, which is erected in his courtyard in memory of the children of Israel having dwelt in booths when they went forth from Egypt. He himself sustains nature almost entirely upon milk and port wine, sometimes varied by a little soup or bread and butter. In favor of port he has the old English prejudice, and drinks two or three glasses daily of a sound and generous wine mellowed, but not extremely weakened by age. That description may be transferred from the vintage to the man. Another old custom which he observed was to wear till 1862 the long blue coat with gilt buttons which was in his youth a gentleman's ordinary dress. His frilled shirt and his sedan-chair are also relics of the olden times. In middle life Sir Moses smoked, but he has ceased for many years to use tobacco. He rises at eleven, having had his letters read to him in bed, drives out daily in fine weather, often passing the gate of his synagogue, and retires about nine. He was usually accompanied by a doctor in his tours in the East, where European medical aid would not have been forthcoming. At home, however, he usually relies merely on the care of his skilled attendant, Mrs. Müller. In full possession of sight, hearing, and speech, neither somnolent nor inactive in mind, little bowed in frame, although his height is six feet three inches, Sir Moses Montefiore enters on his hundredth year. Of the actions which have filled up this long space of life, we have given some faint account. Of the spirit which has animated him some inference may be drawn. Few are the mortals spared for the retrospect of a century of existence — *vivendo vincere sæculum* — fewer still can have the right to contemplate a long life with so much unalloyed satisfaction.

From The Spectator.

#### THE COST OF LIVING IN SWITZERLAND.

THE superstition that living abroad is necessarily cheaper than living at home still lingers, and hundreds of families every year betake themselves to the Continent, in the hope of bettering their condition by reducing their expenditure. This end they generally attain, albeit by the adoption of means which, if they were adopted at home, would produce a similar result. There was a time when the prime necessities of life were cheaper on the Continent than in England, but the extension of railways has equalized food prices all over Europe, and, except in a few outlying countries, whither only travellers careless of comfort ever venture, flesh meat and bread stuffs are now nowhere much cheaper than they are in England. On the other hand, coal, exotic produce, and all sea-borne articles are considerably dearer abroad than at home. The manufacturing supremacy and free-trade policy of the United Kingdom have made it, for clothing, the cheapest country in the world; while, against the comparative dearthness of dairy produce, a dearthness due to the legal and social discouragement of small farms, may be set off the far greater cheapness of fish. Of some other items of domestic expenditure, such as education, house-rent, taxes, and servants' wages, we shall speak presently.

The country at present most affected by English families in search of economy is, probably, Switzerland. It possesses several varieties of climate, highly attractive scenery, and foreign residents (unless they happen to be members of the Salvation Army) enjoy greater liberties and immunities than elsewhere in Europe. The *permis de séjour*, though still exacted, is little more than a matter of form, and by the payment of a trifling fee you may have a *permis d'établissement* good for the entire duration of your stay, however long it may be. Sojourners in Switzerland, moreover, have the choice of two languages, and the chance of cheaper education than is to be found either in France or Germany; while in the former country the cost of living has been greatly enhanced since 1871 by heavy taxation, and in the latter by the protective policy of Prince Bismarck. Taking everything into consideration, Switzerland offers to English families for whom economy is a necessity greater advantages than any other part of the Continent. No commune is without its free school, and the more advanced cantons — Berne, Zurich,

Geneva, Vaud, and others — possess educational institutions equal to any of their class in Europe, and in which instruction is imparted at an almost nominal cost. The College of Geneva, founded by Calvin, which may take rank with any English public school, gives a liberal education at the rate of twenty francs a year, and the fees at the secondary and superior girls' schools are on an equally moderate scale. The fees at the Gymnase are forty francs a year for each of the two sections, technical and commercial, so that if a pupil were to take both, which, however, no pupil ever does, the total cost would be £3 4s. 4d. The charges at the Conservatoire de Musique are 50s. for six months' instruction in any one branch, and the School of Design is free to pupils who make a point of regular attendance. The fees at the university, the Schools of Chemistry and Industrial Arts, are relatively quite as reasonable; and as private lessons are also very cheap, Geneva is probably the most desirable city in Europe for folks with large families and small incomes. But there is a reverse to every medal, and as none of these institutions are self-supporting, and all (except the Conservatoire) are subsidized either by the municipality or the State, taxes are necessarily high, almost as high as in England, although Switzerland has neither standing army, navy, court, nor foreign office. The rate of taxation in Geneva, including local imposts, is at the rate of seventy-six francs, a shade over £3 a head of population. In no other canton is this rate exceeded, in many cantons it is much less; but none, perhaps, possess equal educational facilities, or offer them on the same liberal terms alike to foreigners and citizens. Apart from education, it would not seem that the cost of living is any less in Geneva, or elsewhere in Switzerland, than in England. It is difficult to compare house-rents, so much depends on situation and accommodation; but there is no question that rents abroad are generally higher than rents at home. They are higher at Paris, Berlin, and Vienna than in any large English city, and they are higher in the environs of Zurich, Geneva, and Berne than in the environs of London. According to a careful estimate which appeared some time ago in a Zurich paper, the cost of building in London is little more than half the cost of building at Zurich. This difference is due less to any great difference in the price of the materials used by English builders than to the greater efficiency of English labor, the skill with which it is directed, and the

more general use in this country of labor-saving appliances. Rents, therefore, are higher, perhaps ten to twenty per cent. higher, in Switzerland than in England; coal is dearer — it costs in Geneva £1 15s. a ton — tea, coffee, sugar, currants, petroleum, tinned meats, pottery, hardware, and clothing are very much dearer. Dairy produce and vegetables, on the other hand, are cheaper; so are servants' wages. A Genevan housemaid is satisfied with £10 to £12 a year; a cook considers herself well paid with from £12 to £16. The cheapness of wine, even for those who like it, is not an unalloyed blessing. Your servants take it with their dinners and suppers as a matter of course; when you employ a gardener, he expects a bottle a day; every man who brings a parcel, or who does an odd job, wants a drink; low prices induce increased consumption, and the net result is not economy.

Theoretically, then, housekeeping is no cheaper in Switzerland than in England, and if people do, in fact, live less expensively in the former country than the latter, it is because they live more simply. English families who at home inhabit a country house or a suburban villa, and keep five or six servants, when they settle for a season at Geneva hire an *appartement* in a second story and keep a housemaid and a cook, or, perhaps, a maid-of-all-work. They have emancipated themselves from the yoke of Mrs. Grundy, and the simpler living of their new neighbors makes thrift seem easier and more natural. Large fortunes are rare in Switzerland, and the salaries of public functionaries are very modest. The president of the Confederation receives for his services only £600 a year; few judges receive more than £250, and there is probably no bank manager in the country with a salary of more than twice that amount. A man with an income of £500 is considered very well off indeed, and to have £1,000 a year is to be "passing rich." An English family, consisting of six persons — four of them children — having, say, £500 a year, and desiring to settle in Geneva and practice economy, would probably take an unfurnished *appartement* on a second or third story, which with taxes might cost them £60 a year. Two servants at £22, and education (including books and some private lessons), would bring up their fixed expenditure to £100, leaving £400 disposable for food, clothing, and *et ceteras*. How much our economical family should spend on clothing is not easy to say; but if they were very careful, and the mistress a good manager, £60 to £70 would go a

long way. As for food, if they lived as the Swiss live, profiting by the cheapness of vegetable and dairy produce, and not being extravagant in butcher meat, they might perhaps provide it, together with firing and lights, for about £200 a year more, leaving for sundries and the unforeseen a margin of £130. In the country, considerably less would suffice; but the country does not offer the same facilities for education, for attending the gratuitous lectures organized by the university, and for amusements. For people with small families, or with no families at all, lodgings are perhaps cheaper than housekeeping. In Geneva, Lausanne, and almost every other Swiss city, *pension* may be obtained at from four to six francs a day, in the country for very much less. An American gentleman known to the writer, who came to Europe for the benefit of his health, and for whom economy was a necessity, found at Yverdun, on the Lake of Neuchâtel, a *pension* which took him, his wife, child, and nurse at the rate of twelve francs, say 10s. a day, everything included. He had two bedrooms and a sitting-room, everything was scrupulously clean and neat, and the fare, though plain, was sufficient and substantial. But Yverdun is a terribly dull place, and there are few English people who, save under pressure of necessity, would consent to spend a winter in a quiet Swiss village unfrequented by their countrymen. There are probably places in England where it would be possible to live as cheaply as at Yverdun. So far as Geneva is concerned, the greatest advantage it offers to foreign residents, apart from its fine situation and bracing climate, consists in the wonderful cheapness, variety, and efficiency of its educational institutions, as to which it is unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, by any other Continental city.

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From The Globe.

#### GROWN-UP CHILDREN.

To arrive at years of discretion is, as we know, supposed in this country to be an inevitable incident in the life of all men and women. Unless a person is absolutely mad, he is considered quite as certain to do so, if he lives to a reasonable age, as he is afterwards to die; and this process of "arriving" is spoken of as a marked epoch in his life, upon passing which he becomes at once a different and more responsible creature. It is, however, very remarkable that hardly any two

persons take the same view as to the exact moment when this great change is effected. Although some wiseacre in ancient times hit upon twenty-one years as the age at which men are to be deemed to become "discreet," few have been so ungallant to the fair sex; and the severest legislators have often allowed that a lady may possess this virtue some years before. Testators, who are a species of lawgivers—for they dictate the law of succession to their descendants—are often more barbarous, and keep the gentle heiresses waiting till five-and-twenty, and even thirty, before they are allowed to manage their own inheritance, even if they do not "tie it up" altogether with an apparent disbelief in the accepted doctrine already mentioned. Male heirs are often kept out of their portions till four years after the legal date of coming "of age;" and it would have been well for some of our great families if the same rule could have been imported more often into the law relating to entailed estates. On the other hand, princes of the blood and some other great potentates are almost always admitted to attain to years of discretion before the twenty-one years have elapsed which entitle humbler folk to their full intellectual honors. But all these diversities of opinion as to the time at which discretion is attained are mere quibbles compared with the broad doubt whether some people ever attain it at all. We know that in Mahomedan countries women are not believed ever to become responsible agents, but remain in a tutelage often not far removed from virtual slavery until their dying day. It is in the harem, therefore, that the finest examples are to be found of grown-up children. And the more splendid the establishment the more perfect is the state of apparent childishness in which the inmates are kept. Every trouble is taken to preserve in their minds the habits and ideas of the nursery. Their chief daily amusements are toys; their favorite food consists of sweetmeats. Their only playmates and companions belonging to the other sex are the small children of their lord and master. Accordingly in the women's quarter of an Eastern house the scene is that of a nursery of adults. When the hours are pleased they smile and sing; when they are angry they cry, and tear their clothes, and spoil their toys, and refuse to eat their food. Their griefs are violent, like their jealousies; but, unlike the latter, they are short-lived. A book, unless it were prettily illuminated, a picture, unless it were a highly colored daub, would be of



no interest whatever to them. Nor would the most entertaining story enlist their attention for a moment unless it were of the kind which proves attractive to our children of six or eight years old. It is necessary to see or hear a good deal about this sort of life before we can understand to what a state of puerility a set system of "education" in the wrong direction can reduce a human being which has long passed what are the utmost boundaries of minority in any European country. In England there is very little of the "home influence" which makes boys still children when they are far advanced in their teens, and which makes girls gawky and shy long after some of their cousins of the same age are mothers and housewives. Occasionally a family of grown-up children may be found at a country gathering, escaped from the domestic nursery to a chance lawn-tennis party or an exceptional ball. Very much out of their element they seem, and dreadful bores their partners find them, so far as conversation is concerned. Yet it is almost a truism that those stay-at-home youths and maidens, when once loosed from the maternal apron-strings, get into mischief more quickly than any six times their number of ordinary young people who have picked up some knowledge of life at schools and juvenile parties. A tardy conviction that this is the case appears to be dawning upon the French, who are making some efforts to mitigate the condition of almost Mussulman isolation in which their unmarried ladies have hitherto been kept. The French marriageable girl

of the upper classes is not, however, the only specimen of her nation which is childish beyond its years. Parisians generally are to a certain extent grown-up children — violent and fickle in their temper, sudden in their impulses, devoid of perseverance in their resolve. The bonbons eaten in Paris in the twelvemonth are to be measured by tons; but by no means all, or perhaps even the larger part, are consumed by persons in a state of legal infancy. The Parisians are not the less happy on that account, nor the less healthy either. For to preserve the light-mindedness of childhood is something, even when one cannot retain its innocence. A man who is still fond of sweet things, and who still enjoys a "romp" with children, is not one who ages easily, or becomes morose or dyspeptic in his old age. This is not, however, a reason why the period of what is legally called infancy should be prolonged so studiously as of late years it has been in some of our educational centres. At Oxford and Cambridge the men who now remain *in statu pupillari* up to the age of one or two and twenty are to all appearance no more advanced in life than their predecessors were when they took their degrees at nineteen and twenty. Schoolboys of eighteen, such as are to be found at some of the great schools, are not a class which any parent can wish to see encouraged. The race for wealth and honor is too keen for a man who means to do anything in the world to remain a grown-up child, either in his work or in his play, any longer than he can help.

**EARLY MARRIAGES.** — A correspondent, writing to *Notes and Queries*, on the subject of early marriages, says: Lady Sarah Cadogan, daughter of William, first Earl Cadogan, was married at the age of thirteen, to Charles, second Duke of Richmond, aged eighteen. It is said that this marriage was a bargain to cancel a gambling debt between their parents, Lady Sarah being a co-heiress. The young Lord March was brought from college and the little lady from her nursery for the ceremony, which took place at The Hague. The bride was amazed and silent, but the husband exclaimed, "Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy?" Married, however, he was, and his tutor then took him off to the Continent, and the bride went back to her mother. Three years after Lord March returned from his travels, but having such a disagreeable recol-

lection of his wife was in no hurry to join her, and went the first evening to the theatre. There he saw a lady so beautiful that he asked who she was. "The reigning toast, Lady March," was the answer he got. He hastened to claim her, and their lifelong affection for each other is much commented upon by contemporaneous writers — indeed it was said that the duchess, who only survived him a year, died of grief. Another correspondent writes: A youthful wedding recently took place not one hundred miles from this parish (Deeping, St. James's) the united ages of the couple being thirty-five — the bridegroom twenty-one and the bride fourteen. It was somewhat of a novelty to observe the interesting bride the following day exhibiting her skill on the skipping-rope on the pavement in the street.